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THE WILD FLOWER.

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THE

WILD FLOWER;

A GIFT BOOK FOR THE HOLYDAYS.

1852.

EDITED BY

GRACE MAYLOVE.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY J. & J. L. GIHON,
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THE WILD-FLOWER.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

It was a lovely morning in June, when Ellen Seymour, followed by a servant bearing the child, took her accustomed walk for her favorite nook in the cliffs. This was a charming spot, commanding an extensive prospect, and situated about a quarter of a mile from the house, yet within its ample grounds.

"Jane, you may leave the child," she said, when they reached the place. "I can watch the little dear, while I am sewing: it cannot creep far, and my eye will not be long off it. You can go down to the village meantime. Come for us at dinner time, however."

The girl, glad to have a holiday, departed; and Mrs. Seymour began to play with the child.

Oh! what can surpass a mother's affection for her first-born, her only babe. There is a well of tenderness in a mother's heart, which no one but a woman can comprehend; and this gushed from Mrs. Seymour now, in a thousand endearing caresses, as she fondled the beautiful infant.

At last, remembering her sewing, after nearly an hour thus consumed, Mrs. Seymour, giving the child

one last kiss, placed it on the ground at her feet, with its silver rattle in its chubby little hands; and then took up the collar she was embroidering. The child, in high good humor, shook its costly plaything, occasionally looking up into its mother's face, crowing and smiling joyously. For more than an hour it sat thus. Now and then it would pause to look gravely at some gaudy butterfly, and perhaps stretch out its tiny hands after the insect; but immediately after, with infantile forgetfulness, it would cease to think of the painted wanderer, and would return as industriously as ever to its rattle.

Beautiful babyhood! what is there so lovely? Surely, if angels visited the earth, they would come in the guise of children. Often, when we have seen the little innocents smile, we have fancied that a cherub did indeed look out from the sweet, sunny face; and have sighed to think that, in after years, evil passions might convulse that countenance, and all trace of the celestial visitant be lost.

Every few minutes Mrs. Seymour, in the joy and pride of her young mother's heart, would lay down her work, and snatching up the infant, kiss it over and over. Then she would place it again at her feet, and after a loving smile, resume her embroidery.

The morning passed away in these sweet caresses and intermitted labors. At last, looking at her watch, Mrs. Seymour was surprised to find how near it was to the dinner hour.

"I have been very indolent to-day," she said, holding up the collar, and shaking her head on seeing how little had been done. "Ah! baby, baby, you needn't laugh; but you steal one's time away terribly. I must work hard to finish what I intended. Bless your heart, darling, I can't help kissing you once more; but it must be the last time for a whole hour." And suddenly snatching up the child, she gave it a dozen kisses, pressed it to her bosom, and then setting it resolutely down, resumed her embroidery and went industriously to work.

After one or two lingering glances at the infant, she began to sow in more earnest, and gradually she became interested in the difficult and beautiful pattern she was working. From time to time she looked at her babe, who continued sitting at her feet, amusing itself harmlessly, without moving from its position; but her glances at the infant grew less frequent as she became more absorbed in her embroidery.

After a much longer interval than usual, during which, in elaborating a flower, she had forgotten her child entirely, she looked up, expecting to see her infant, as before, at her feet. But the babe was no where to be seen.

Instantaneously the work dropped from her fingers, and she started to her feet with a slight scream. Hastily she glanced around. Never before had she known the child to creep but a foot or two; but the babe was not now visible any where within that cir-

cuit. She now began to tremble with terror, for the precipice, she recollected, was not far distant. Glancing hurriedly in that direction, her worst fears were realized, for there, smiling and reaching out its hand to pluck a wild-flower, almost on the verge of the abyss, was her beautiful, her idolized child.

Yes, while Mrs. Seymour had been absorbed in finishing the flower, the infant, seized by a sudden whim, had begun to creep towards the precipice, often pausing and looking back mischievously; and then, after resting awhile, moving forwards again. At last, attracted by a wild-flower that bloomed on the verge of the abyss, it had advanced, unconscious of danger, to the perilous position in which Mrs. Seymour now beheld it.

What language can describe the mother's feelings at that moment. Her first emotion was that of poignant self-reproach. "Oh! had I not neglected my babe," she cried in her heart, "it would never have got into this situation of danger." Paralyzed completely, both physically and intellectually, she sank to her knees, with no power for any thing left except to murmur, in thought, an agonized petition to God on high.

But this paralysis was only for an instant. Her Father in heaven answered her mute petition, by recalling her to self-possession. Suddenly this thought flashed across, divinely sent, we doubt not: "If I remain here my child will creep over the abyss."

She sprang to her feet with the rapidity of light-

ning, and rushed towards her infant. Yet, as she went, her soul was rent with the terror of a hundred possible contingencies. "Oh God!" she mentally prayed, putting her fears in the form of petitions, "let not my babe become alarmed. Permit it not, as often it has done, to creep playfully away on seeing me approach. Grant me, grant me time to reach it before it is too late."

The infant had paused, perhaps to rest, and now looked around. It recognized its parent immediately, and smiling began, with instinctive mischievousness, to creep away as fast as it could, laughing immoderately. One of the very perils the mother had fancied, was happening. The babe was within a yard of the abyss, and hurrying directly towards it.

With the speed of the wind the agonized mother flew onwards; but the infant had been a long distance off; and before she could overtake the child, it had gained the edge of the precipice and was looking down into the abyss. Unconscious of any peril, and apparently delighted with what it saw, it placed one little hand out over the gulf, and drew up one foot to creep still further.

An agonizing shriek broke from the mother.

"Oh! thou Almighty One!"—she felt rather than said the words—"interpose miraculously, or I die."

Did Omnipotence disregard that prayer, thus wrenched from a mother's soul? Did he employ a miracle? Who shall say?

We cannot fathom the workings of his providence. We only know that, at this instant, as if suddenly recollecting its parent, the infant paused, and turning smiled upon its mother.

Oh! bliss of bliss. Oh! precious delay. That impulse of childish love saved the dear one's life; for the mother, rushing forward, had just time to snatch up the babe, as, with a playful laugh, it was turning away again to resume its flight.

Flight, did we say? It would have been eternal separation from its mother's arms, not a mere passing flight.

Mrs. Seymour staggered back from the precipice, after thus rescuing her infant, and then fell, trembling and unnerved, prostrate on the earth, in which condition she was found, when, a few minutes subsequently, the maid arrived.

The babe, thus rescued from the jaws of death, yet lives, a child of many prayers. We would fain believe that Heaven intends it for some high purpose: and such is the mother's conviction, and has been ever since that eventful morning.

THE MORAL OF FLOWERS.

"FLOWERS OF THE FIELD."

Flowers of the field! how meet ye seem
  Man's frailty to portray;
Blooming so fair in morning's beam,
  Passing at eve away.
Teach this, and oh! though brief your reign,
Sweet flowers, ye shall not live in vain.

Go, form a monitory wreath
  For Youth's unthinking brow;
Go, and to busy Manhood breathe
  What most he fears to know;
Go, strew the path where age doth tread,
And tell him of the silent dead.

But whilst to thoughtless ones and gay,
  Ye breathe these truths severe,
To those who droop in pale decay
  Have ye no word of cheer?
Oh yes; ye weave a double spell,
And death and life betoken well.

Go, then, where wrapt in fear and gloom,
Fond hearts and true are sighing,
And deck with emblematic bloom
The pillow of the dying;
And softly speak, nor speak in vain,
Of your long sleep and broken chain.

And say that He, who from the dust
Recalls the slumbering flower,
Will surely visit those who trust
His mercy and His power;
Will mark where sleeps their peaceful clay,
And roll, ere long, the stone away.

THE PERIWINKLE.

The Periwinkle, though we can assign no cause, has been made to bear an important part in the hours of joy and sorrow A bridal zone was in ancient times, formed of its slender sprays; but in Italy, at the present day, it is appropriated to a far different purpose. There, when the icy hand of death has chilled the warm spring of health, and stretched the loved babe lifeless on its couch, they who have loved it in life, wreathe around its cold brow, the long stems of the Periwinkle. Fancy pictures the mournful scene; a single ray of sunlight, struggling through the half closed windows, shows

us the group there assembled, and lights the marble form, whose soul has just escaped the corruptible tenement.

Emblems are we of joy and wo,
And tender recollection's glow,
  Inspired by our name;
Our glossy leaves with flowers entwined
Were made the bridal robe to bind,
  In ancient days of fame.

And we are also "flowers of death"—
The mourning mother weaves a wreath
  Of our dark shining sprays;
She twines it round the lovely head,
Ere in its cold and silent bed
  Her child she sadly lays.

Whene'er our blossom'd stars you view,
Bethink you of life's changing hue—
  How joy and sorrow blend;
That, though thy cup may now flow o'er,
Anguish may wring thy heart, before
  Life's fitful day shall end.

THE EVERLASTING.

It is a proof, a sad proof of man's degeneracy, that he reads not in each plant a lesson of God's kindness. Did not God, for man's gratification, create the flowers that decorate the earth?

Regard the vegetable world as an object of gratification, and it was for man alone that it was created. The beasts, indeed, browse upon the herbage, but it is not theirs to estimate the skilful structure of one blade of grass; the birds hide their nests amid the foliage, unaware of the beauty of its tints; the insects, while sipping the rich flowers, are incapable of delighting in the sweet fragrance exhaled around. To man alone it is given, fully to enjoy these lovely works of Almighty goodness, which charm his every sense.

We may also find in them a memorial of God's infinite power. He that created the heavens, and holdeth up the spheres, formed also the smallest weed we trample on. We are too apt to disregard those plants which are common to our sight; but, surely, what God did not think it beneath him to create, it becomes man to investigate.

Some plants force us, as it were, to read their meaning—and one of these is that which we have chosen for our present subject: for who can look upon the Everlasting without seeing in it a type of the immortal nature of our spirits? Its enduring property has occasioned its use as a token of remembrance by the friends of the departed.

And can a name like this belong
Where all is changing fast?
Surely we dream alone in song
Of tints that ever last!

I deem'd that Earth's were fading flowers,
Existing but a few short hours.

Ah! 'tis indeed a dream to give
Frail plants so high a name;
They may a space their friends outlive,
But fade at last the same.
Yet, is the name with meaning fraught
With many a deep and holy thought!

When the bright heavens consume in smoke,
And worlds in ashes lie,
The soul shall break death's fearful yoke,
And live eternally!
In realms of joy—happy and free,
Or bound in chains of misery!

So let us live, that when we die,
To us it may be given,
That angels shout our welcome high,
And ope the gates of heaven!
No more to tread earth's paths of gloom,
But dwell where flowers eternal bloom!

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

The name fails not to recall the touching lesson given by our Lord, when, with some bright field lilies for his text, he preached the Christian duty of perfect reliance on the superintending care of the Creator, and taught the utter insignificance of worldly grandeur.

The Lily of the valley has no botanical claim to the title of *lily;* but the extreme purity of her blossoms has won her admission into the family. It may be here remarked, that the word *lily,* is expressed in Hebrew by "Shusan," which signifies light; and that the Persian city Shusan has its name from a beautiful species of lily which grows near it in great profusion.

Pass not the Lilies of the Vale,
Unmindful of their holy tale;
  But listen to the voice,
Which, from their flow'rets fair,
  Would bid you to rejoice
That you are God's own care.

No king can shine more bright than they,
Though deck'd with art in rich array,
  Still must his glories yield
To flowers that careless grow—
  The Lilies of the field—
Which toil not, spin, nor sow.

If God so clothe a fading flower,
Born but to perish in an hour,
  With raiment bright and fair—
Will he not much more grant
  To man, his chiefest care,
All things that he doth want?

GRASS.

How few think a blade of grass worth their attention! Yet, those who examine the structure of grasses, perceive how admirably their several parts are adapted to the functions appropriated to them. "They are," says Paley, "Nature's care; for with these she clothes the earth. Their extraordinary means and powers of preservation and increase, their hardiness, their almost unconquerable disposition to spread, their faculties of reviviscence, coincide with the intention of Nature concerning them. They thrive under a treatment by which other plants are destroyed. The more their leaves are consumed, the more their roots increase. The more they are trampled upon, the thicker they grow. In tropical countries grasses grow to a great height. We usually see them, at their largest growth, two or three feet high, when in flower in the hay-fields. But in equinoctial regions, where the air is more humid, and the sun more powerful and brilliant than with us, grasses acquire surprising dimensions. We are told that in Brazil they grow seven or eight feet high.

It is somewhat remarkable that the growth of grass should mark the cultivation of a country, and be also a token of desolation. But so it is. For what can be a greater sign of prosperity and abun-

dance, than the well-enclosed meadows, arrayed in Nature's robe of vernal green? Yet, if we hear of a ruinous and uninhabited spot, we immediately fancy it over-run with thick and rank grass.

How fragile are the blossoms of the grass! So fragile indeed, that they are deemed in Scripture no unmeet emblems of the uncertain duration of man's existence. "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man, as the flower of the grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever."

Archbishop Leighton says, "There is indeed a great deal of seeming difference betwixt the outward conditions of life amongst men. Shall the rich, and honorable, and healthful, go in together under the same name, with the baser and unhappier part?—the poor, the wretched, who seem to be born for nothing but sufferings and miseries? At least, hath the wise no advantage beyond fools? Is all grass? Make you no distinction? No. All is grass; or, if you will have some other name, be it so. Once this is true, that 'all flesh is grass;' and if that glory which shines so much in your eyes must have a difference, then this is all it can have—it is but 'the flower' of that same grass: somewhat above the common grass in gayness—a little comelier and better apparelled than it, but partakes of its frail and fading nature. It hath no privilege or immunity that way; yea, of the two is less durable, and usu-

ally shorter lived; at least it decays with it. 'The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away!'"

"All flesh is as grass," or, as it is even more forcibly rendered by the prophet Isaiah, "all flesh is grass." Like grass, our bodies are beautifully and wonderfully made, and every part of our frame has its appointed office. Like it, too, they are frail. "In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth." We pass through a meadow and admire the slight flowers waving with every breath; we pass again the next day, and startle to see them laid low. A heavy shower perchance has done the work;—or the sythe of the mower has laid them prostrate on the ground from whence they first arose, and what was once the object of our admiration, will become the food of cattle. And thus it is with man's life. One day he is in health and vigor, scheming pleasures, looking forward through a long vista of years, and saying to his soul, "Take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry." And where is he the next? Some accident has befallen him and he is in his coffin. "A wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more!" Is it not astonishing, that seeing as we do, almost daily instances of the uncertainty of life, we yet continue to trifle it away,—as if, though all around us are vanishing from sight, we were immortal? Nay, so insensible are we in our case, of

its lapse, that we even talk of passing it away, as if the thread of life could never be spun out.

"The man
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour."

How different will be our feelings when we come to die! How invaluable will then seem one of these hours now thoughtlessly squandered in folly or in sin! How touching the warning cry of Queen Elizabeth on her death-bed! "Millions of money for one inch of time."

But we will suppose that man passes his prime, and arrives at an advanced age. Still, though he has escaped the storm, he cannot ward off the stroke of the sythe. Death comes at last, and he must be laid low; his mortal part must be returned to the earth whence it came, and more degraded even than the flowers of the field, become food for worms. He must say "to corruption, thou art my father; and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister."

But here ends the resemblance; and after tracing the sad lesson of man's perishable nature, shall we not glory in this point of difference? Grass dies, and, once dead, is gone for ever. Man dies, but he shall live again. He is possessed of an immortal soul; and that soul, if in the days of her earthly sojourning, she has been made a partaker of Christ's salvation, has "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

Grass of the field! the morning sun
Shines on thy verdure fair;
But, ere his daily course is run,
He'll scorch thy golden hair.

In warning tone, the Psalmist says,
"All living flesh is grass;"
But ah! with ever heedless gaze,
Mortals their emblems pass.

Youth, thoughtless of impending doom,
Rejoicing in the morn,
Forgets that evening's hour of gloom
Must see his beauty shorn.

And even when that hour has come,
Man turns his thoughts away,
And sinks into his last long home,
Forgetting he is clay.

But we will twine within our wreath
These flowerets of the sod—
To tell us still of change and death,
The message of our God.

MEADOW-SAFFRON—Colchicum.

This plant was not unknown to the ancients, who averred that it sprang from some drops of the magic liquor prepared by Medea for the restoration of Æson's youth, whence it became a specific for

all sorts of diseases. Though this fable might establish the fame of the Colchicum in those early and credulous times, its powerful medicinal virtues attracted the notice of men of science in the middle ages, and still uphold it in repute. The Swiss, indeed, regard it with a degree of reverence that would not have disgraced those who believed in its fabulous origin; and attach the flower to the necks of their children, considering them thenceforth inaccessible to human ills.

For those who look at nature through the medium of the imagination, such blossoms as open late in the year, just at the time—

> "When the green delight
> Of leafy luxury begins to fade,
> And leaves are changing hourly on the sight,"

have a peculiar charm. They may not be welcomed with that thrilling delight which the first flowers of Spring always call forth, yet they awaken many an image and feeling, "pleasant, yet mournful to the soul." To the scientific botanist, the plant under immediate consideration will always be interesting, not only from its reversing the customary order of the seasons, but from its affording an instance of what Paley calls the "compensatory system." Its peculiarly forlorn and defenceless aspect had frequently excited his sympathy, till, on investigating its internal structure, he found suitable provision made by

the great Author of Nature, for all the difficulties against which it would have to struggle. "I have pitied this poor plant a thousand times," said he; "its blossom rises out of the ground in the most forlorn condition possible; without a sheath, a fence, a calyx, or even a leaf to protect it; and that, not in Spring, not to be visited by summer suns, but under all the disadvantages of the declining year. When we come, however, to look a little more closely into the structure of this plant, we find that, instead of its being neglected, Nature has gone out of her course to provide for its security, and to make up for all its defects. The seed-vessel, which in other plants is situated within the cup of the flower, or just beneath it, in this plant lies buried ten or twelve inches under ground, within the bulbous root. The tube of the flower, which is seldom more than a few tenths of an inch long, in this plant extends down to the root. The styles, in all cases, reach the seed-vessel; but it is in this by an elongation unknown to any other plant. All these singularities contribute to one end. As this plant blossoms late in the year, and probably would not have time to ripen in seeds before the access of winter, which would destroy them, Providence has contrived its structure such, that this important office may be performed at a depth in the earth out of the usual effects of frost. But then a new difficulty presents itself. Seeds, though perfected, are

known not to vegetate at this depth in the earth. Our seeds, therefore, though so safely lodged, would, after all, be lost to the purpose for which all seeds are intended. Lest this should be the case, a second admirable provision is made to raise them above the surface when they are perfected, and to sow them at a proper distance, viz.: the germs grow up in the Spring upon a fruit stalk, accompanied with leaves. The seeds now, in common with those of other plants, have the benefit of the summer, and are sown upon the surface. The order of vegetation externally, is this; the plant produces its flowers in September; its leaves and fruit in the Spring following."

The obvious inference, that every "seeming evil" has some counterbalancing good, and every season of life its peculiar advantages and pleasures, gave rise to the following lines, which were presented to a young friend who was regretting each passing birth-day.

Why mourn, dear girl, each passing year?
Why dread the sobering touch of time?
As if all bliss to mortals dear,
Thoughts which ennoble, hopes which cheer,
Fled with our prime.

Look up! this calm autumnal day
May want the joyousness of Spring;
But never did capricious May
Such kindly warmth, such steadfast ray,
O'er Nature fling.

What, though the leaves, now changed in hue,
Bestrew our path where'er we turn,
If yonder "heaven's delicious blue,"
Through the *thinn'd* bough we clearer view,
Ah! who would mourn?

And see! I've brought a flower,
No lingerer it of summer's train:
Like vesper star to eve's dim hour,
It seems to deck pale Autumn's bower,
And leaf-strewn plain.

Seest thou my meaning? youthful joy,
And hope may fade, like Summer's show;
But if thy disenchanted eye
With freer gaze can look on high,
Why let them go?

Yea, go—without or sigh, or tear;
For oh! if holier hope be thine,
Think not thou'lt lack, while wandering here,
A beam to light, a flower to cheer
Thy calm decline.

THE RUSTY-LEAVED RHODODENDRON.

THERE are several species of the Rhododendron, all hardy mountaineers. One, indeed, (the Rhododendron Caucasicum, whose very name almost

makes us shiver,) is a native of Mount Caucasus, skirting the borders of perpetual ice in the highest range of shrubby vegetation. The one which I have chosen, inhabits the high mountains of Switzerland, Savoy and Dauphine. It is an irregular, evergreen shrub, about eight inches in height; the lower branches, lying on the ground, put out fibres, and hence it may easily be increased without the principal root being disturbed, which being fixed deep in the fissures of rocks, is not pulled up without much difficulty." Its blossoms are of a beautiful pale rose color, and hence its name of Rosa Alpina. There is a variety with a white flower, but it is not common.

Mr. Gilly, in his interesting volume of "Waldensian Researches," mentioning the altitude at which different trees and plants will grow, says, that along with the Alder, this ranger of the mountain will thrive at the height of six thousand feet above the sea. It supplies the shepherds with their only fuel; in hard weather, it is said, the grouse eat it, and the white hares gnaw its bark; but it is only when there is a lack of other food, as animals are not fond of it.

Travellers frequently mention the magical effect produced by the sight of these shrubs, blooming amongst such dreary accompaniments; for, "from some peculiarity of internal structure, Alpine plants do not wait for the stimulus of the sun's heat, but

exert such a struggle to blossom, that their flowers are seen among the yet unmelted snow."

Raffles alludes to this beautiful shrub, "mingling its little crimson blossoms with the scanty herbage which clothes the mountains, rising almost perpendicularly from the sides of the glacier on the Montanvert; and doubtlessly it has gladdened many a traveller's heart, by awakening thoughts of Him

"Who makes so gay the solitary place."

The cheering influence of a small moss on the mind of Mungo Park, when, a stranger in a strange land, he had just been robbed and barbarously treated, is familiar to every one; and who would wonder or grieve that these "beauties of the wilderness" should bloom "where few eyes see them," if but even in an occasional instance they have served to soothe and animate the desponding, by renewing his impression of the boundless beneficence and superintending providence of God?

"Gem of the Alps! 'tis strange to trace
Aught beautiful as thou,
Gladd'ning "the solitary place"
With unexpected glow.
Yet, bright one! cold thy bed must be,
And harsh thy evening lullaby!
Would thou wert planted in the bower
Which summer weaves for bird and flower;
And rock'd to slumber by the gale
She breathes in yonder sunny vale!

Oh! tell me not of valley fair,
  Where sweeter flow'rets bloom;
I too have sun and healthful air
  In this my mountain home.
Yet, stranger, doth thy sympathy
Demand some poor return from me;
And what if I, frail lowly thing,
Such lesson to thy heart might bring,
That thou in after-hour should'st bless
The flow'ret of the wilderness?

Deem'st thou these snows scarce fitting bower
  For aught so fair as I?
Oh! know that One whose will is power,
  Has shap'd my destiny.
He spake me into being—shed
His sunshine on my Alpine bed;
Bade the strong blast which shook the pine
Pass harmless o'er this head of mine;
And gently rear'd my early bloom
'Mid snows which else had been my tomb.

View in this mountain's frozen breast,
  An emblem true of thine—
So cold, so hard, 'till on it rest
  A beam of light divine.
Feel'st thou this life-inspiring ray?
If not, then upward look, and pray
That He who made these mountain snows
A cradle for the opening rose,
Would deep within thine heart embower
A brighter far than earthly flower.

THE PIMPERNEL.

How curious is the function of sleep both in the leaves and flowers of plants! It depends upon a special law of nature, subject in some degree to the effects of light and heat; the former appears to be the chief stimulus in regulating the expansion of the blossom, though neither can be regarded as the first cause of the phenomenon. "When sensitive plants are confined in a dark room, their leaflets periodically fold and open as usual, excepting that the periods are somewhat lengthened; on the other hand, when they are exposed to a continual light, these periods are shortened. When exposed to strong lamplight by night, and excluded from all light by day, their periods of sleep become extremely irregular for a time; but, in the end, the specimens generally close their leaves during the day, and unfold them at night. The alternate opening and closing of flowers is a similar function to that of the sleep of leaves. The time of day in which flowers close, is very different in different species, and even differs for that period during which the leaves are asleep in the very same plant. Bertholet mentions an Acacia in the garden of Orotava, in Teneriffe, whose leaflets closed at sunset, and unfolded at sunrise, whilst its flowers closed at sunrise, and expanded at sunset."

Linnæus was presented with the seeds of a plant belonging to this tribe, which he sowed in his greenhouse, and they soon produced two beautiful flowers. His gardener was absent when he first remarked them, and in the evening he took him with a lantern to see them; but the flowers were nowhere to be found, so that he thought they had been destroyed by some accident; but, to his great surprise, on the following morning he found the flowers just where they were the day before. That evening too they were not to be seen, but the next morning looked as fresh as ever. The gardener thought these were not the same flowers, but must have opened since. Linnæus, however, was not so easily satisfied; but as soon as it was dark, he once more visited the plant, and, lifting the leaves one by one, found the two flowers, and so closely concealed, that at first sight it was impossible to discern what they were.

Some flowers close their petals before rain—such as the Wood Anemone, or Wind-flower, and the Anagalis, or Pimpernel.

Plants of this description are called by Linnæus, Meteoric flowers, as being regulated by atmospheric causes. This susceptibility is by no means peculiar to the Anagalis; but it is perhaps the most familiar example of it. Probably its blooming during those months when the state of the atmosphere is of the most consequence to agricultural pursuits, may make

it more consulted by the peasant, and have thus obtained for it the name of the poor man's weather-glass.

Up, and abroad!—the earth puts on
  Her beautiful array;
The heavens their glory; for the sun
  Rejoiceth on his way.
Not vainly shall he shed his ray:
  Yon mountain's height I'll brave,
Or trim my skiff so light and gay,
  And 'wake the slumbering wave.
Hark! how the fresh breeze bears along
To heaven wide nature's matin song!

But what is here? The Pimpernel,
  Drooping with close-shut eye;
True sign (so village sages tell)
  Of storm and tempest nigh;
But sure such bright and glorious sky
  Shall know no cloud to-day;
O then, thy darkling prophecy
  Give to the winds away,
And own, whilst thou yon heaven dost view,
For once thou hast not read them true!

Despite my taunt, the prescient flower
  Still closed its petal bright.
And soon the storm, with voice of power,
  Show'd its forebodings right.
'Tis ever thus—some sudden blight,
  When most we dream of joy,
Does on the shining prospect light,
  To mar it, and destroy.
Oh! when like this poor flower shall I
Discern aright life's changing sky?

THE ROSE.

"Sweet Rose, in air whose odors wave,
And color charms the eye,
Thy root is ever in the grave,
And thou, alas! must die."

So many are the classical legends and poetical associations connected with the Rose, that they crowd almost too thickly on the memory, baffling it by their very profusion. By common consent, in every clime and every age, the rose has been held the queen of flowers. It has been the poet's theme from time immemorial; and vain would be the attempt to transcribe even the hundredth part of the beautiful things which have been said or sung to it.

It is in summer, when the garden is in its glory, and not a blossom seems wanting, that the rose, "at length apparent queen," comes forth as if to receive the homage of all other flowers; not haughtily, but with most winning grace, as if afraid to claim her full authority.

Its fragrance, too, is equal to its beauty; that of other flowers may be more spicy, more luscious, more powerful, but the fragrance of the rose is unique.

For the benefit of those who wish to be acquaint-

ed with the classical legends relating to this elegant flower, as well as with its various species and natural history, I give the following extracts from "Medical Botany":—

"The ancients tell us that roses were originally white, but were changed to red by the blood of Venus.* Another fable states that Cupid overthrew a bowl of nectar, which, falling to the earth, stained the rose.

"The rose was given by Cupid as a bribe to Harpocrates, the god of Silence; from whence, we should suppose, originated the custom, which, according to Rosenbergius, prevailed among the northern nations of Europe, of suspending a rose from the ceiling over the upper end of their tables, when it was intended that the conversation which took place should be secret: and it is this custom that undoubtedly gave rise to the common expression, 'Under the Rose.'

"A golden rose was considered so honorable a present, that none but crowned heads were thought worthy either to give or receive it. Roses of this kind were sometimes consecrated by the Popes on Good Friday, and given to such potentates as they most wished to propitiate. The flower itself, they considered an emblem of the mortality of the body, and the metal of which it was composed, of the immortality of the soul. Boethius says, that William, King of Scotland, received a present of this

sort from Pope Alexander the Third; and Henry the Eighth, a similar gift from Alexander the Sixth. The seal of Luther, which is a rose, is supposed to be symbolical of the same things as those golden presents.

"Roses were also employed by Roman emperors as a means of conferring honors upon their most famous generals, whom they allowed to add a rose to the ornaments of their shields; a custom which continued long after the Roman empire had passed away, and the vestiges of which may yet be traced in the armorial bearings of many of the ancient noble families of Europe."

But the rose has received the greatest honors in Persia, where a period of festivity, called "The Feast of Roses," lasts during the season of their bloom.

Gem of the bower, sweet Rose! the fairest, brightest
Of the gay tribes which drink the summer beam,
Unchanged thou seem'st, and still my eye delightest,
When other joys are passing as a dream.
Oh! with each breath that fills the zephyr's wing,
How much of early feeling seems to spring!

Nor do I feel when in my breast I wear thee,
That scent and beauty form thy only spell;
To sober thought thy very thorns endear thee,
For wholesome are the solemn truths they tell;
Traits of the fall, they seem, sweet flower, to thee
What care and grief are to humanity.

Come, then, fair monitress, and let me borrow
  Hints which may serve for life's ay-changing hour;
Is grief my lot? tell how unmixed His sorrow,
  Who laid aside for us His crown, and wore
Not as doth man, alternate thorn and rose,
But thorns, thorns only, on his bleeding brows.

And if when pleasures smile, thou e'er shouldst find me
  With trusting fondness cling too much to them,
Then, gentle teacher, once again remind me,
  By the sharp thorns which fence thy graceful stem,
That heaven alone unchanging pleasure knows,
Skies without cloud, "and without thorn the rose."

YOUTH'S EMBLEMS.

"Of Nature's gifts, thou mayst with lilies boast,
And with the half blown rose."

Thou of light heart and footstep free,
Of open brow and eye of glee,
What emblems shall I choose for thee
  From Nature's store?

Whate'er is bright, whate'er is sweet,
Yet fugitive, withal, and fleet,
These, these, alas! are emblems meet
  Gay Youth, of thee.

What better than the budding flower,
Ere it has felt the north wind's power,
Or learnt that sunny skies may lower,
Thy bloom may show?

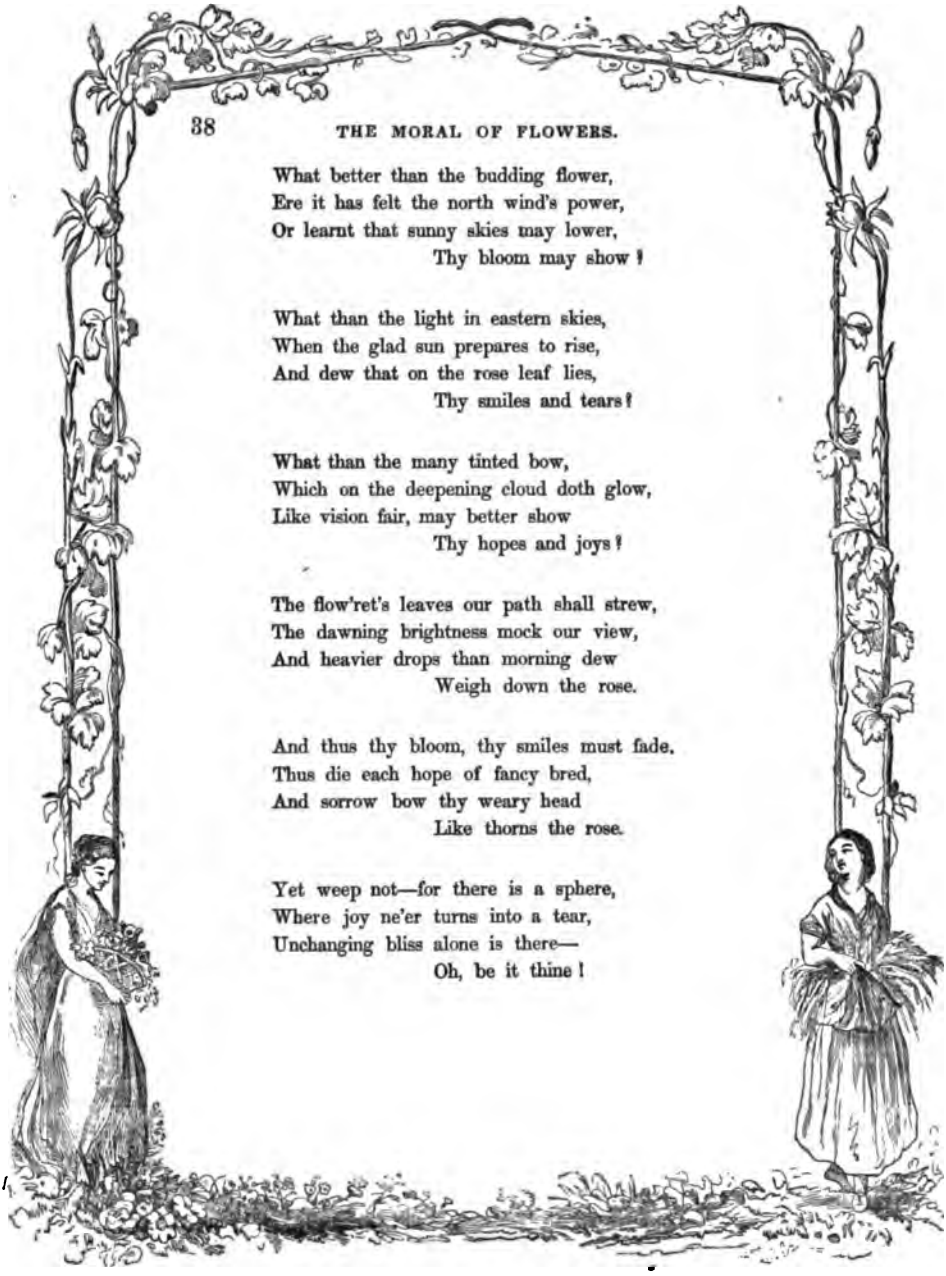
What than the light in eastern skies,
When the glad sun prepares to rise,
And dew that on the rose leaf lies,
Thy smiles and tears?

What than the many tinted bow,
Which on the deepening cloud doth glow,
Like vision fair, may better show
Thy hopes and joys?

The flow'ret's leaves our path shall strew,
The dawning brightness mock our view,
And heavier drops than morning dew
Weigh down the rose.

And thus thy bloom, thy smiles must fade.
Thus die each hope of fancy bred,
And sorrow bow thy weary head
Like thorns the rose.

Yet weep not—for there is a sphere,
Where joy ne'er turns into a tear,
Unchanging bliss alone is there—
Oh, be it thine!



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THE MOTHER.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

The daughter of a noble race
She sits in queenly pride,
Her smiling boy upon her lap
The heir of manors wide.
On his young brow such merry glee,
On hers a look so mild,
One doubts which is most beautiful—
The mother or her child.

But see! what gladness on her face;
A step has met her ear.
Her little son his finger points,
He sees his father near.
Ah! noble earl, 'tis not your rank
That gives you now such joy.
Thank God! the boor has equal bliss,
Welcomed by wife and boy.

A TRUE STORY.

MRS. JAMESON

I WAS travelling in Germany from Weimar to Frankfort, and had stopped at a little town one or two stages beyond Fulda; I was standing at the window of the inn, which was opposite to the post-house, and looking at a crowd of travellers who had just been disgorged from a huge eil-wagen, or post-coach, which was standing there. Among them was one female, who, before I was aware, fixed my attention. Although closely enveloped in a winter dress from head to foot, her height, and the easy decision with which she moved, showed that her figure was fine and well proportioned; and as the wind blew aside her black veil, I had a glimpse of features which still further excited my curiosity. I had time to consider her as she alighted and walked over to the inn alone. She entered the room at once—it was a sort of public saloon—in which I was; summoned the waiter, whom she addressed in a good-humored but rather familiar style, and ordered breakfast; not a cup of chocolate or *cafe au lait*,

as became a heroine, (for you see I was resolved that she should be one,) but a very substantial German breakfast—soup, a cutlet, and a pint of good wine: it was then about ten o'clock. While this was preparing she threw off her travelling accoutrements; first a dark cloak, richly lined with fur; one or two shawls; a sort of pelisse, or rather surtout, reaching to the knees, with long loose sleeves, such as you may see in the prints of Tartar or Muscovite costumes; this was made of a beautiful Indian shawl, lined with blue silk, and trimmed with sables; under these splendid and multifarious coverings, she wore a dress of deep mourning. Her figure, when displayed, excited my admiration. It was one of the most perfect I ever beheld. Her feet, hands and head were small in proportion to her figure; her face was not so striking—it was pretty, rather than handsome; her small mouth closed firmly, so as to give a marked and singular expression of resolution and decision to a physiognomy otherwise frank and good-humored Her eyes, also small, were of a dark hazel, bright, and with long blonde eyelashes. Her abundant fair hair was plaited in several bands, and fastened on the top of her head in the fashion of the German peasant girls. Her voice would have been deemed rather high pitched "for ears polite," but it was not deficient in melody; and though her expression was grave, and even sad upon our first encounter, I soon found that mirth, and not sadness was the natural

character of her mind, as of her countenance. When any thing ridiculous occurred, she burst at once into a laugh—such a merry, musical peal, that it was impossible not to sympathize in it. Her whole appearance and manner gave me the idea of a farmer's buxom daughter. Nothing could be more distant from our notions of the lady-like, yet nothing could be more free from impropriety, more expressive of native innocence and modesty; but the splendor of her dress did not exactly suit with her deportment—it puzzled me. I observed when she drew off her glove, that she wore a number of silver rings of a peculiar fashion, and among them a fine diamond. She walked up and down while her breakfast was preparing, seemingly lost in painful meditation; but when it appeared, she sat down and did justice to it, as one who had been many hours without food. While she was thus engaged, the conductor of the eil-wagen and one of the passengers came in, and spoke to her with interest and respect. Soon afterward came the mistress of the inn (who had never deigned to notice me, for it is not the fashion in Germany;) she came with an offer of services, and from the conversation I gathered, with astonishment, that this young creature—she seemed not more than two or three-and-twenty—was on her way home, alone and unprotected, from—can you imagine?—even the wilds of Siberia! But then what had brought her there? I listened in hopes of discovering; but they

all talked so fast that I could make out nothing more. Afterward, I had occasion to go over to a little shop to make some purchase. On my return I found her crying bitterly, and my maid, also in tears, was comforting her with great volubility. Now, though my *having* in German, like Orlando's beard, was not considerable, and my heroine spoke still less French, I could not help assisting in the talk of consolation—never, certainly, were my curiosity and interest more strongly excited! Subsequently we met at Frankfort, where we were lodged in the same hotel, and I was enabled to offer her a seat in my vehicle to Mayence. Thus I had opportunities of hearing her whole history, related at different times, and in parts and parcels; and I will now endeavor to give it to you in a connected form. I may possibly make some mistake with regard to the order of events, but I promise you faithfully, that where my recollection of names, or dates, or circumstances may fail me, I will not, like Mademoiselle de Montpensier, make use of my imagination to supply these defects of my memory. You shall have, if not the whole truth, at least as much of it as I can remember, and with no fictitious interpolations and improvements. Of the animation of voice and manner, the vivid eloquence, the graphic spirit, the quick transition of feeling, and the grace and vivacity of gesture and action with which the relation was made to me by this fine untutored child of nature, I can give you no idea—it

was altogether a study of character I shall never forget.

My heroine,—truly and in every sense does she deserve the name—was the daughter of a rich brewer and wine merchant of Deuxponts.* She was one of five children, two much older, and two much younger than herself. Her eldest brother was called Henri; he had early displayed such uncommon talents, and such a decided inclination for study, that his father determined to give him all the advantages of a learned education, and sent him to the university of Elangau, in Bavaria, whence he returned to his family with the highest testimonies of his talents and good conduct. His father now destined him for the clerical profession, with which his own wishes accorded. His sister fondly dwelt upon his praises, and described him, perhaps with all a sister's partiality, as being not only the pride of his family, but of all his fellow-citizens, "tall, and handsome, and good," of a most benevolent, enthusiastic temper, and devoted to his studies. When he had been at home for some time, he attracted the notice of one of the princes in the north of Germany, with whom he travelled, I believe, in the capacity of secretary. The name of the prince, and the particulars of this part of his life have escaped me; but it appeared

* In the German maps, Zweibrucken; the capital of those provinces of the kingdom of Bavaria which lie on the left bank of the Rhine.

that, through the recommendation of this powerful patron, he became professor of theology in a university of Courland; I think at Riga, or somewhere near it, for the name of this city was continually recurring in her narrative. Henri was at this time about eight-and-twenty.

While here, it was his fate to fall passionately in love with the daughter of a rich Jew merchant. His religious zeal mingled with his love; he was as anxious to convert his mistress as to possess her —and, in fact, the first was a necessary preliminary to the second; the consequences were all in the usual style of such matters. The relations discovered the correspondence, and the young Jewess was forbidden to see or to speak to her lover. They met in secret. What arguments he might use to convert this modern Jessica I know not, but they prevailed. She declared herself convinced, and consented to fly with him beyond the frontiers, into Silesia, to be baptized and to become his wife.

Apparently their plans were not well arranged, or were betrayed; for they were pursued by her relations and the police, and overtaken before they reached the frontiers. The young man was accused of carrying off his Jewish love by force, and this, I believe at Riga, where the Jews are protected, is a capital crime. The affair was brought before the tribunal, and the accused defended himself by declaring that the girl had fled with him by her own

free will; that she was a Christian, and his betrothed bride, as they had exchanged rings, or had gone through some similar ceremony. The father Jew denied this on the part of his daughter, and Henri desired to be confronted with the lady who was thus said to have turned his accuser. Her family made many difficulties, but by the order of the judge she was obliged to appear. She was brought into the court of justice, pale, trembling, and supported by her father and others of her kindred. The judge demanded whether it was by her own will that she had fled with Henri Ambos? She answered in a faint voice, "No." Had then violence been used to carry her off? "*Yes.*" Was she a christian? "*No.*" Did she regard Henri as her affianced husband? "*No.*"

On hearing these replies, so different from the truth,—from all he could have anticipated, the unfortunate young man appeared for a few moments stupified; then, as if seized with a sudden fury, he made a desperate effort to rush upon the young Jewess. On being prevented he drew a knife from his pocket, which he attempted to plunge into his own bosom, but it was wrested from him; in the scuffle he was wounded in the hands and face, and the young lady swooned away. The sight of his mistress insensible, and his own blood flowing, restored the lover to his senses. He became sullenly calm, offered not another word in his own defence,

refused to answer any questions, and was immediately conveyed to prison.

These particulars came to the knowledge of his family after the lapse of many months, but of his subsequent fate they could learn nothing. Neither his sentence nor his punishment could be ascertained; and although one of his relations went to Riga, for the purpose of obtaining some information—some redress—he returned without having affected either of the purposes of his journey. Whether Henri had died of his wounds, or languished in a perpetual dungeon, remained a mystery.

Six years thus passed away. His father died: his mother, who persisted in hoping, while all others despaired, lingered on in heart-wearing suspense. At length, in the beginning of last year (1833), a travelling merchant passed through the city of Deuxponts, and inquired for the family of Ambos. He informed them that in the preceding year, he had seen and spoken to a man in rags, with a long beard, who was working in fetters with other criminals, near the fortress of Barinska, in Siberia; who described himself as Henri Ambos, a pastor of the Lutheran church, unjustly condemned, and besought him with tears and the most urgent supplications, to convey some tidings of him to his unhappy parents, and beseech them to use every means to obtain his liberation.

You must imagine—for I cannot describe as she

described—the feelings which this intelligence excited. A family council was held, and it was determined at once that application should be made to the police authorities of St. Petersburgh, to ascertain beyond a doubt the fate of poor Henri—that a petition in his favor must be presented to the Emperor of Russia; but who was to present it? The second brother offered himself, but he had a wife and two children; the wife protested that she should die if her husband left her, and would not hear of his going; besides, he was the only remaining hope of his mother's family. The sister then said that she would undertake the journey, and argued that as a woman, she had more chance of success in such an affair than her brother. The mother acquiesced. There was, in truth, no alternative; and being amply furnished with the means, this generous, affectionate, strong-minded girl, set off alone on her long perilous journey. "When my mother gave me her blessing," said she, "I made a vow to God and my own heart, that I would not return alive without the pardon of my brother. I feared nothing; I had nothing to live for. I had health and strength, and I had not a doubt of my own success, because I was *resolved* to succeed; but ah! *liebe madame!* what a fate was mine! and how am I returning to my mother! my poor old mother!" Here she burst into tears, and threw herself back in the carriage. After a few minutes she resumed her narrative.

She reached the city of Riga without mischance. There she collected the necessary documents relative to her brother's character and conduct, with all the circumstances of his trial, and had them properly attested. Furnished with these papers, she proceeded to St. Petersburgh, where she arrived safely in the beginning of June, 1833. She had been furnished with several letters of recommendation, and particularly with one to a German ecclesiastic, of whom she spoke with the most grateful enthusiasm, by the title of M. le Pasteur. She met with the utmost difficulty in obtaining from the police the official return of her brother's condemnation, place of exile, punishment, etc.; but at length, by almost incredible boldness, perseverance, and address, she was in possession of these, and with the assistance of her good friend, the pastor, she drew up a petition to the Emperor. With this, she waited on the minister of the interior, to whom, with great difficulty, and after many applications, she obtained access. He treated her with great harshness, and absolutely refused to deliver the petition. She threw herself on her knees, and added tears to entreaties; but he was inexorable, and added brutally, "Your brother was a *mauvais sujet;* he *ought* not to be pardoned, and if I were the Emperor I would not pardon him." She rose from her knees, and stretching her arms towards heaven, exclaimed with fervor, "I call God to witness that my brother

was innocent! and I thank God that you are not the Emperor, for I can still hope!" The minister in a rage said, "Do you dare to speak thus to me? Do you know who I am?" "Yes," she replied; "you are his excellency the minister C———; but what of that? you are a cruel man! but I put my trust in God and the Emperor; and then," said she, "I left him, without even a courtesy, though he followed me to the door, speaking very loud and very angrily."

Her suit being rejected by all the ministers (for even those who were most gentle, and who allowed the hardship of the case, still refused to interfere, or deliver her petition), she resolved to do what she had been dissuaded from attempting in the first instance—to appeal to the Emperor in person; but it was in vain she lavished hundreds of dollars in bribes to the inferior officers; in vain she beset the imperial suite, at reviews, at the theatre, on the way to the church: invariably beaten back by the guards or the attendants, she could not penetrate the Emperor's presence. After spending six weeks in daily ineffectual attempts of this kind, hoping every morning, and almost despairing every evening—threatened by the police, and spurned by the officials,—Providence raised her up a friend in one of her own sex. Among some ladies of rank, who became interested in her story, and invited her to their houses, was a countess Elise something or other, whose

name I am sorry I did not write down. One day, on seeing her young protege overwhelmed with grief, and almost in despair, she said, with emotion, "I cannot dare to present your petition myself; I might be sent off to Siberia, or at least banished the court; but all I can do I will, I will lend you my equipage and servants—I will dress you in one of my robes; you shall drive to the palace the next levee day, and obtain an audience under my name; when once in the presence of the Emperor, you must manage for yourself. If I risk thus much will you venture the rest?" "And what," said I, "was your answer?" "Oh!" she replied, "I could not answer; but I threw myself at her feet, and kissed the hem of her gown!" I asked her whether she had not feared to risk the safety of her generous friend. She replied, "that thought did not strike me—but what would you have? I cast it from me. I was *resolved* to have my brother's pardon—I would have sacrificed my own life to obtain it—and God forgive me, I thought little of what it might cost another."

This plan was soon arranged, and at the time appointed, my resolute heroine drove up to the palace in a splendid equipage, preceded by a running footman, with three laced lackeys in full dress, mounted behind. She was announced as the Countess Elise ———, who supplicated a particular audience of his majesty. The doors flew open, and

in a few minutes she was in the presence of the Emperor, who advanced one or two steps to meet her, with an air of gallantry, but suddenly started back.

Here I could not help asking her, whether in that moment she did not feel her heart sink?

"No," said she, firmly, "on the contrary I felt my heart beat quicker and higher! I sprang forward and knelt at his feet, exclaiming with clasped hands, 'Pardon, imperial Majesty! Pardon!' 'Who are you?' said the Emperor, astonished; 'and what can I do for you?' He spoke gently, more gently than any of his ministers; and overcome even by my own hopes, I burst into a flood of tears, and said, 'May it please your imperial Majesty, I am not Countess Elise ———, I am only the sister of the unfortunate Henri Ambos, who has been condemned on false accusation. O pardon! pardon! Here are the papers—the proofs. O, imperial Majesty, pardon my poor brother!' I held out the petition and the papers, and at the same time, prostrate on my knees, I seized the skirt of his embroidered coat, and pressed it to my lips. The Emperor said, 'Rise—rise!' but I would not rise; I still held out my papers, resolved not to rise till he had taken them. At last, the Emperor, who seemed much moved, extended one hand towards me, and took the papers with the other, saying, 'Rise, mademoiselle—I command you to rise;' I ventured to

kiss his hand, and said with tears, 'I pray of your Majesty, to read that paper.' He said, 'I will read it.' I then rose from the ground, and stood watching him while he unfolded the paper and read it. His countenance changed, and he exclaimed once or twice, 'Is it possible!—This is dreadful!' When he had finished, he folded the paper, and without any observation, said at once, 'Mademoiselle Ambos, your brother is pardoned.' The words rang in my ears, and I again flung myself at his feet, saying—and yet I scarce know what I said,—'Your imperial Majesty is a god upon earth; do you indeed pardon my brother? Your ministers would never suffer me to approach you; and even yet I fear'— He said, 'Fear nothing; you have my promise.' He then raised me from the ground, and conducted me himself to the door. I tried to thank and bless him, but could not: he held out his hand for me to kiss, and then bowed his head as I left the room. Ach ja! the Emperor is a good man,—ein schöner feiner Mann! but he does not know how cruel his ministers are, and all the evil they do, and all the justice they refuse in his name!"

I have given you this scene as nearly as possible in her own words. She not only related it, but almost acted it over again: she imitated alternately, her own and the Emperor's voice and manner: and such was the vivacity of her description that I seemed to hear and behold both, and was more pro-

foundly moved than by any scenic representation I can remember.

On her return, she received the congratulations of her benefactress, the Countess Elise, and of her good friend the pastor; but both advised her to keep her audience and the Emperor's promise, a profound secret. She was the more inclined to this, because after the first burst of joyous emotion, her spirits sank. Recollecting the pains that had been taken to shut her from the Emperor's presence, she feared some unforeseen obstacle, or even some knavery on the part of the officers of government. She described her sufferings during the next few days as fearful; her agitation, her previous fatigues, and the terrible suspense, apparently threw her into a fever, or acted on her excited nerves so as to produce a species of delirium, though, of course, she would not admit this. After assuring me very gravely that she did not believe in ghosts, she told me that one night, after her interview with the Emperor, she was reading in bed, being unable to sleep; and on raising her eyes from her book, she saw the figure of her brother standing at the other end of the room; she exclaimed, "My God, Henri, is that you?" but without making any reply, the form approached nearer and nearer to the bed, keeping its melancholy eyes fixed on hers till it came quite close to the bedside, and laid a cold heavy hand upon her.

This was evidently the night-mare, but her own impression was as of a reality. The figure, after looking at her sadly for some minutes, during which she had no power either to move or to speak, turned away; she then made a desperate effort to call out to the daughter of her hostess, who slept in the next room—"Luise! Luise!" Luise ran to her. "Do you not see my brother standing there?" she exclaimed with horror, and pointing to the other end of the room, whither the image conjured up by her excited fancy and fevered nerves appeared to have receded. The frightened, staring Luise, answered, "Yes." "You see," said she, appealing to me, "that though I might be cheated by my own senses, I could not doubt those of another. I thought to myself, *then*, my poor Henri is dead, and God has permitted him to visit me. This idea pursued me all that night, and the next day; but on the following day, which was Monday, just five days after I had seen the Emperor, a *lackey*, in the imperial livery, came to my lodging, and put into my hands a packet, with the 'Emperor's compliments to Mademoiselle Ambos.' It was the pardon for my brother, with the Emperor's seal and signature; then I forgot everything but joy!"

Those mean official animals who had spurned her, now pressed upon her with offers of service, and even the minister C— offered to expedite the pardon himself to Siberia *in order to save her trouble;*

but she would not suffer the precious paper out of her hands; she determined to carry it herself, to be herself the bearer of glad tidings; she had resolved that none but herself should take off those fetters, the very description of which had entered her soul; so, having made her arrangements as quickly as possible, she set off for Moscow, where she arrived in three days. According to her description, the town in Siberia, to the governor of which she carried an official recommendation, was nine thousand versts beyond Moscow; and the fortress to which the wretched malefactors were exiled was at a great distance beyond that. I could not well make out the situation of either, and, unluckily, I had no map with me but a road map of Germany; and it was evident that my heroine was no geographer. She told me that after leaving Moscow, she travelled post, seven days and seven nights, only sleeping in the carriage. She then reposed for two days, and then posted on for another seven days and seven nights, alone and wholly unprotected, except by her own innocence and energy, and a few lines of recommendation, which had been given her at St. Petersburgh. The roads were everywhere excellent, the post-houses at regular distances, the travelling rapid; but often, for hundreds of miles, there were no accommodations of any kind—scarce a human habitation. She even suffered from hunger, not being prepared to travel for so many hours together

without meeting with any food she could touch without disgust. She described with great truth and eloquence her own sensations as she was wheeled rapidly over those wide, silent, solitary, and apparently endless plains.

"Sometimes," said she, "my mind seemed to turn—I could not believe that it was a waking reality—I could not believe that it was myself. Alone in a strange land,—so many hundred leagues from my own home, and driven along as if through the air, with a rapidity so different from anything I had been used to, that it almost took my breath away."

"Did you ever feel fear?" I asked.

"Ach ja! when I waked sometimes in the carriage, in the middle of the night, wondering at myself, and unable immediately to collect my thoughts. Never at any other time."

I asked her if she had ever met with insult? She said she had twice met with "wicked men;" but she had felt no alarm, she knew how to protect herself; and as she said this, her countenance assumed an expression that showed it was not a mere boast. Altogether, she described her journey as being horrible, in the highest degree; and, indeed, even the recollection of it made her shudder; but at the time there was the anticipation of an unspeakable happiness, which made all fatigues light, and all dangers indifferent.

At length, in the beginning of August, she arriv-

ed at the end of her journey, and was courteously received by the commandant of the fortress. She presented the pardon with a hand which trembled with impatience and joy, too great to be restrained, almost to be borne. The officer looked very grave, and took, she thought, a long time to read the paper, which consisted only of six or eight lines. At last he stammered out, "I am sorry—but the Henri Ambos mentioned in this paper—*is dead!*" Poor girl! she fell to the earth.

When she reached this part of her story, she burst into a fresh flood of tears, wrung her hands, and for some time could utter nothing but passionate exclamations of grief. "What a horrible fate was mine! I had come thus far to find—not my brother —only a grave!" she repeated several times in accents of despair. The unfortunate man had died a year before. The fetters in which he worked had caused an ulcer on his leg, which he neglected, and after some weeks of horrid suffering, death released him. The task-work for nearly five years, of this accomplished and even learned man, in the prime of his life and mental powers, had been to break stones upon the road, chained hand and foot, and confounded with the lowest malefactors.

She found, on inquiry, that some papers and letters, which her unhappy brother had drawn up by stealth, in the hope of being able at some time to convey them to his friends, were in the possession

of one of the officers, who readily gave them up to her; and with these she returned half broken-hearted to St. Petersburgh. If her former journey, when hope cheered her on her way, had been so fearful, what must have been her return? I was not surprised to hear that on her arrival, she was seized with a dangerous illness, and was for many weeks confined to her bed.

Her story excited much commiseration, and a very general interest and curiosity were excited about herself. She told me that a great many persons of rank invited her to their houses, and made her rich presents, among which were the splendid shawls, and the ring which had caught my attention, and excited my surprise in the first instance. The Emperor expressed a wish to see her, and very graciously spoke a few words of condolence. "But they could not bring my brother back to life!" said she expressively. He even presented her to the Empress. "And what," I asked, "did the Empress say to you?" "*Nothing*; but she looked *so*"—drawing herself up.

On receiving her brother's pardon from the emperor, she had written home to her family; but confessed that since that time she had not written—she had not courage to inflict a blow which might possibly affect her mother's life; and yet the idea of being obliged to tell what she dared not write seemed to strike her with terror.

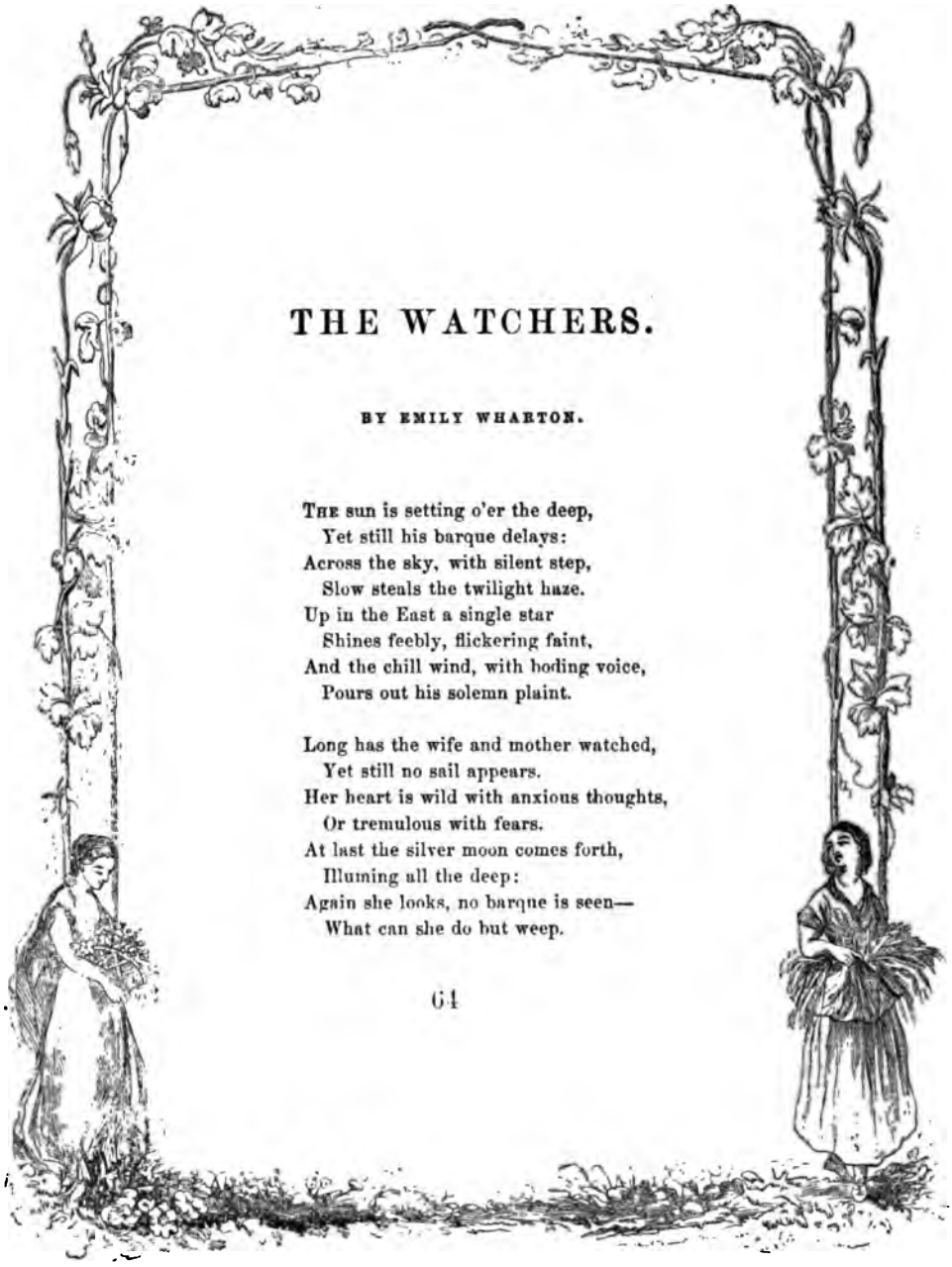
But the strangest event of this strange story remains to be told; and I will try to give it in her own simple words.

She left St. Petersburgh in October, and proceeded to Riga, where those who had known her brother received her with interest and kindness, and sympathized in her affliction. "But," said she, "there was one thing I had resolved to do which yet remained undone; I was resolved to see the woman who was the original cause of all my poor brother's misfortunes. I thought if once I could say to her, 'Your falsehood has done this!' I should be satisfied; but my brother's friends dissuaded me from this idea. They said it was better not,—that it could do my poor Henri no good—that it was wrong, —that it was unchristian,—and I submitted. I left Riga with a *voiturier*. I had reached Pojer, on the Prussian frontiers, and there I stopped at the Douane, to have my packages searched. The chief officer looked at the address on my trunk, and exclaimed with surprise, 'Mademoiselle Ambos! Are you any relation of the Professor Henri Ambos?' 'I am his sister.' 'Good God! I was the intimate friend of your brother! What has become of him?' I then told him all I have now told you, *liebe madame!* and when I came to an end, this good man burst into tears, and for some time we wept together. The driver, who was standing by, heard all this conversation, and when I turned round he was cry-

ing too. My brother's friend pressed on me offers of service and hospitality, but I could not delay; for, besides that my impatience to reach home increased every hour, I had not much money in my purse. Of three thousand dollars that I had taken with me to St. Petersburgh, very little remained, so I bade him farewell, and I proceeded. At the next town where my driver stopped to feed his horses, he came to the door of my *caleche*, and said, 'You have just missed seeing the Jew lady whom your brother was in love with; that *caleche* which passed us by just now, and changed horses here, contained Mademoiselle S———, her sister, and her sister's husband!' Imagine my surprise! I could not believe my fortune; it seemed that Providence had delivered her into my hands, and I was resolved that she should not escape me. I knew they would be delayed at the custom-house. I ordered the man to turn and drive as fast as possible, promising him the reward of a dollar if he overtook them. On reaching the custom-house, I saw a *caleche* standing at a little distance. I felt myself tremble, and my heart beat so—but not with fear. I went up to the *caleche*—two ladies were sitting in it. I addressed the one who was the most beautiful, and said, 'Are you Mademoiselle Emilie S———?' I suppose I must have looked very strange, and wild, and resolute; for she replied with a frightened manner, 'I am; who are you, and what do you want with me?' I

said, 'I am the sister of Henri Ambos, whom you murdered!' She shrieked out; the men came running from the house; but I held fast the carriage-door, and said, 'I am not come to hurt you, but you are the murderess of my brother, Henri Ambos. He loved you, and your falsehood has killed him. May God punish you for it! May his ghost pursue you to the end of your life!' I remember no more. I was like one mad. I have just a recollection of her ghastly, terrified look, and her eyes wide open, staring at me. I fell into fits; and they carried me into the house of my brother's friend and laid me on a bed. When I recovered my senses, the *caleche* and all were gone. When I reached Berlin, all this appeared to me so miraculous,—so like a dream—I could not trust to my own recollections, and I wrote to the officer of customs, to beg he would attest that it was really true, and what I had said when I was out of my senses, and what *she* had said; and at Leipsic I received his letter which I will show you." And at Mayence she showed me this letter, and a number of other documents; her brother's pardon, with the Emperor's signature; a letter of the Countess Elise ———; a most touching letter from her unfortunate brother (over this she wept much); and a variety of other papers, all proving the truth of her story even to the minutest particulars. The next morning we were to part. I was going down the Rhine, and she was to proceed to Deuxponts,

which she expected to reach in two days. As she had travelled from Berlin almost without rest, except the night we had spent at Frankfort, she appeared to me ready to sink with fatigue; but she would not bid me farewell that night, although I told her I should be obliged to set off at six the next morning; but kissing my hand with many expressions of gratitude, she said she would be awake, and visit me in my room, to bid me a last adieu. As there was only a very narrow passage between the two rooms, she left her door a little open that she might hear me rise. However, on the following morning she did not appear. When dressed, I went on tiptoe into her room, and found her lying in a deep, calm sleep, her arm over her head. I looked at her for some minutes, and thought I had never seen a finer creature. I then turned, with a whispered blessing and adieu, and went on my way.



THE WATCHERS.

BY EMILY WHARTON.

The sun is setting o'er the deep,
  Yet still his barque delays:
Across the sky, with silent step,
  Slow steals the twilight haze.
Up in the East a single star
  Shines feebly, flickering faint,
And the chill wind, with boding voice,
  Pours out his solemn plaint.

Long has the wife and mother watched,
  Yet still no sail appears.
Her heart is wild with anxious thoughts,
  Or tremulous with fears.
At last the silver moon comes forth,
  Illuming all the deep:
Again she looks, no barque is seen—
  What can she do but weep.

The Watchers

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Her boy, exhausted, sleeps at last;
And deeper wanes the night.
Yet still she watches, o'er the sea
Straining her filmy sight.
A faithful dog her anguish shares,
While wear the hours away,
Eve speeding into midnight drear,
And midnight into day!

Weep on, pale watcher, for alas!
Thy loved one ne'er will come.
His manly voice no more shall cheer
Thy lonely, Ægean home.
Yet, with thy tears, some comfort take;
He died as die the brave:
Battling for Greece he nobly fell,
And fills a hero's grave.

ADELSBERG GROTTO.

CARNIOLA is a district of Austria, through which the traveller has occasion to pass in going from Trieste to Vienna. It is celebrated for its picturesque beauty; but still more so for its grotto of Adelsberg.

Desirous of visiting and exploring this subterranean cavern, besides seeing some parts of the adjacent country, we started from Trieste at day-break; but our conveyance being slow, as is not unusual in southern Europe, we did not reach Adelsberg till early the succeeding morning, the night being passed by us at Prewald, near the mountain in which the famous grotto is situated. At Prewald we were conducted to an office where the names of visitors are registered, and a small sum paid by each, appropriated to the repair of the path, which with extreme difficulty has been constructed in the interior of the cavern. Here we were also provided with guides, whose costume, however well adapted to

the lower world we were about to explore, gave them an unearthly appearance amongst ordinary mortals, as it consisted entirely of black oil-skin. The effect was heightened by the great torches, which they continually waved to and fro, as well as by their wild gestures and loud cries in a jargon perfectly incomprehensible to us, but which we were told was a dialect of Slavonia.

They each selected one of us to be the exclusive object of their care, and proceeded to march beside us along the steep and stony path which led to the entrance of the grotto. The aperture was in the form of an arched gateway. It opened into the solid rock, at a considerable height on the side of a precipice; and as we stood upon the platform which had been arranged in front, we were called upon to remark one of the first wonders of this curious cave.

From the elevation on which we were placed, we could trace the graceful windings of the Peuka, a river of considerable size. Through the distant valley we had passed the day before, and on the mountain's base, it came with its rapid and abundant waters glancing in the morning rays; but there, taking an abrupt turn, it rushed towards the cavern, and suddenly abandoning the sweet sunshine in which it sparkled so gaily, plunged precipitately into a deep black cavity that yawned to receive it, directly below that by which we were ourselves to

enter, and there disappeared at once in the profound abyss. The singular direction thus given to the course of the stream, without any apparent cause, is not the only surprising circumstance connected with it. We were told, that after being traced to some distance within the grotto, it there became altogether lost to view, and could nowhere be discovered returning again to upper earth. How so large a body can be absorbed, or in what deep abyss it is engulphed, remains unexplained. One only solution to the mystery presents itself, but it seems rather to heighten than diminish the difficulty. At a distance of some twenty miles from Adelsberg, just where a well-beaten country road conducts into the interior, a very surprising object appears. A large river suddenly bursts in a very extraordinary manner from the ground—not an infant stream designing to gather strange waters to its bosom, and so swell its volume as it flows along, but a complete and abundant river, which speedily forms a channel for itself, and continues to roll on uninterruptedly till it reaches the sea. If this river, called the Timavo, is in reality the imprisoned Peuka returning impetuously to the light of day, it must be supposed that the cavern from which it escapes is of an extent that bewilders the imagination.

The opening by which we were to enter was secured by a huge iron door, round which at that mo-

ment was clustered a detachment of Austrian troops, who, like ourselves, were about to visit the grotto, and stood waiting for their officers, who had not yet arrived from the inn. This was a fortunate circumstance, as each man carried a torch which would enable us to see the cave to singular advantage. Passing through the midst of them, the bolts and bars of the great gate were withdrawn and closed again with a loud noise, which announced our separation from the living world.

We found ourselves in a small outer cave, whence two sombre passages branched off to the right and left. Our guides now seized us by the hand in a manner which significantly intimated, that we were no longer to be free agents; and when turning to the left, and plunging with us into the gloom, we felt our feet giving way on the slippery ground, we became willing to submit passively to their guidance. They dragged us quickly on, seemingly well acquainted with the unseen path. The last glimpse of daylight disappeared; there was a rush of damp, cold air, over our faces; an intense darkness closed in all around; and our eyes, full of the sunshine we had left, fastened instinctively on the little twinkling lights of the torches borne before us—our only stars in that new and terrible night. For some time we were hurried on, unable to discern anything, 'till, at a given moment, our conductor stopped, and bade us look around. We obeyed; and gradually, as we be-

came accustomed to the profound obscurity, a scene was revealed to us indistinctly by the faint torch-light, of which it would not be easy to convey any adequate conception. We seemed to have entered on some vast mysterious realm, where "ancient Night," expelled from the sunny world, had fixed, unmolested, her eternal dominion. The guides, dispersing themselves far and near, endeavored to give us some idea of the immensity of the cavern. Boundless indeed it seemed to be in extent and in height; whilst hundreds of feet below us, we could but just distinguish the roar of the captive river, as it fled through the gloom—its very voice sounding hollow and changed since we last heard it singing in the sunshine.

When the first feeling of wonder and awe had passed off, we became lost in admiration of the magnificent architecture of this palace of nature, even in the dim twilight by which we looked on it. Around us on all sides, and seen more distinctly because they were pure white, arose stupendous pillars, formed of stalactites, that towered up into the darkness far above our heads, 'till they were lost in the vapory clouds that seemed to overhang us. Their base was in like manner altogether hidden from us, and it was a marvellous thing to think that time alone was the architect of these mighty columns; for we could see hanging in all directions little tiny stalactites, like new-frozen icicles, each having at

its point a bright crystal-drop of that fluid containing lime in solution, by which they are formed; and which gradually thickening, is succeeded by another, 'till, drop by drop, century by century—for assuredly it is the work of ages—those fairy branches grow to be as lofty and massive as the gigantic pillars that seem to support the unseen roof. Nor were these the only ornaments with which the ever-working hand of nature had arrayed this abode of night; for these wonderful stalactites had taken every species of fantastic form—sometimes grand and terrible, sometimes beautiful and delicate, as though modelled by the sculptor's art; and, combined with the huge masses of rock that arose rugged and menacing from the gloom as from a deep dark sea, they produced the most marvellous and startling appearances, offering to the bewildered eye a succession and variety of scenes that baffle all description. Where we ourselves were placed, strange and mysterious shapes were grouped around, and innumerable narrow passages and lofty corridors branched off in all directions into the yet unexplored regions of this most wonderful cave. The road by which we were to proceed, crept along among the rocks—now over natural, now over artificial arches—and had evidently been constructed with great difficulty. As we advanced—penetrating further into the depths of this sombre world, (with the lights which we began tacitly to think so precious,)—our eyes were con-

tinually mocked with delusive appearances. On one side, we could not but believe that we were gazing down through the dim aisles of some great cathedral, our imagination perfecting the details of the fretted roof and Gothic ornaments; and with the next turn the scene would change, and the rocks shape themselves into the perfect likeness of a miniature landscape, with valleys, and hills, and distant cities—the sunlight only wanting; while, again, some opening corridor would seem to present the symmetrical arrangement of a gallery of statues, each standing on a snow-white pedestal.

Of all the forms into which this cavern dew had hardened, by far the most beautiful was that named "the banner," and which was indeed exactly like a flag of spotless white, hanging in light folds, each one of which was exquisitely formed, and completed by a border of yellowish hue. It was strange thus to find the minute perfection which characterizes all the works of nature displaying itself in these hidden realms of darkness. We are accustomed to perceive it in the admirable workmanship of every tiny leaf or fragile blossom on the earth; but here, where no eye was ever to behold them, the very coloring of each one of these little stalactites was correct and beautiful, as though touched by an artist's most delicate pencil. When the guide struck on any of the pillars with a small stick, it emitted a strange metallic sound, that was remarkably melodious, and add-

ed to the singular effect produced by the various murmurs already floating through those dismal chambers. These were caused principally by the currents of air rushing throug the numberless passages, and also by the peculiar manner in which the interminable echoes told upon each other from arch to arch and rock to rock. The perpetual dropping of water throughout the whole vault produced by itself a hollow, ceaseless reverberation, that I know not why, caused a shuddering sensation; indeed it was no easy matter to avoid fancying that this terrific cavern was inhabited by unearthly beings.

After a short time, we proceeded on our way; but it required some courage, after the first mile or two, to continue to penetrate the never-ending depths; the path was both difficult and dangerous, and but for the energetic assistance of the guides, who almost carried some of us over the rocks, I think we should have abandoned any attempt at further progress. Now it led several hundred feet down the side of a precipice to the very brink of the river, whose roar, gradually swelling on our ear, became almost deafening as we approached, and the torch-lights touching its wreath of foam, showed us how it dashed itself against the terrible rocks that were its prison bars; then toiling up a steep and slippery ascent, till we scarce could hear its murmur, we crossed it, and passed to the other side by a natural arch eighteen feet in length.

There are many lateral passages, apparently of vast extent, but quite unexplored, from their difficulty of access; so that it is impossible even to form an idea of the actual limits of the cave, of which the portion already known would seem to be but the threshold. It has been proved that it was known at a very early period, by the discovery not long since of a large gallery, the walls of which were covered with names and inscriptions dating from the year 1213 down to the commencement of the seventeenth century, when, it would appear, the entrance had been closed by an earthquake or other subterranean convulsion. Numerous fossil bones were found within it, and some of animals altogether unknown. One lamentable tragedy seemed to have taken place here. A skeleton, perfectly entire, and incrusted with stalactite, was discovered in a contracted and agonized attitude, with one arm clasped round a pillar for support. Probably this was some unfortunate being whose light had been extinguished by accident, and who had wandered (how hopelessly!) lost and bewildered, through the interminable labyrinth of his tremendous tomb.

In a deep pool, in the recesses of a cavern, is found that strange fish, the Proteus. This curious creature was altogether unknown till it was discovered in this subterranean abyss; and from its singular formation and habits, has become an object of much interest. It is of the genus *anguineus*, said to be about a foot

in length, and perfectly blind, as though purposely created to inhabit those regions where no light can ever penetrate. In its natural state it is of a clear flesh color, but it changes to a deep violet when exposed to the air. No period has as yet been put to the length of time when it can exist without food, though the learned men of France and Germany have been unremitting in their endeavors to starve it by various scientific experiments.

We came to a resting-place, where our pilgrimage was about half accomplished, in a portion of the grotto in size and shape like a large open hall, and which had, in fact, been arranged as such with great care and ingenuity. The floor was dry, and covered with sand; seats were hewn out of the sides; a hollow rock formed an excellent music gallery; and thus, we were told, it was converted into a ball-room, at an annual festival held within the grotto on Whitsuntide, when it is lighted up at an expense of three hundred florins, and an assemblage of six or seven hundred persons gather together to hold their festivities in this strange locality. It must have a singular effect to hear these vaults resounding to the lively music and echoing feet of the dancers; and if the cave is indeed, as the neighboring peasantry imagine, the work of demons or of gnomes, they might well have laughed to find how human follies and human vanities can penetrate even into the heart of the earth. Whilst we sat there to rest a

few minutes, a loud shuffling noise, and a strong light, penetrating far and near, announced the approach of what really seemed to be an invading army of demons: the whole German troop of soldiers came rushing in, waving their torches, and shouting in wonder and delight. It was marvellous to see what ranges of interminable chambers, of which we had not even dreamt, were now revealed to us by this partial illumination: and as they passed on, and entered one by one the narrow passage which conducted onwards, the train of lights had exactly the appearance of a long fiery serpent winding through the cavern depths. We were by this time chilled and wearied; but we persevered in wandering on for a considerable way, till we at last reached the point where all but the very adventurous must cease from further investigation. The last picture which here presents itself, is perhaps the most striking of all.

Emerging from a low narrow corridor, we found ourselves in an open space, whose limits were lost in vapory gloom; and spread out before us, cradled by majestic rocks, lay a beautiful little lake, its deep pure waters still and peaceful as those over which the sunbeams break, and the warm land-breezes sweep. A little boat lay floating on its breast, in which any enterprising person might cross to the other side, and proceed to explore yet farther the mysteries of the cave; but this is very rarely at-

tempted, for the danger and difficulty are extreme, and many dismal stories are told of travellers who have entered the dark vault, and never again been seen, or who have been found dashed to pieces amongst the precipices. As for us, we were in no condition even to wish for the display of farther marvels. We were all much exhausted, as the fatigue had been very great; and our shoes were so entirely destroyed by the sharp stones, that every step we took was one of torture to our bruised and wounded feet. Our return was therefore slow and painful; and so true it is, that the weakness of the mortal frame is a clog to the mind—all our first enthusiasm and excitement were put to flight by our bodily suffering, and the very objects we had before so much admired, served now only as objects by which to calculate our progress towards the upper world. We were seized with a great horror too, when a rush of wind from a side passage threatened to extinguish our lights. The doom of those to whom such an accident should occur in this mysterious cave would be inevitable; for there would scarcely be a possibility of their ever finding their way out of its inextricable maze.

Great was our joy when there dawned at last within this terrible night a far-off faintly-twinkling ray, which gradually increasing, grew to be the opening that was to restore us at length to a world of light, of beauty, of living flowers, and fragrant winds,

and warm sunshine. So great was the violence of the contrast, that we were at first quite blinded, and felt as though we could never again bear to look upon the earth, clothed in such a flood of glory as the common daylight (*daily* so thanklessly received) now seemed to us. It was only after a good night's rest at the quiet village that we could realize to ourselves that we had not been under the influence of a midnight dream, during all that strange voyage of discovery to the heart of the earth.

GALILEO.

GALILEO GALILEI, the founder of experimental science, was born at Pisa, on the fifth of February, 1564, being descended of a noble and ancient Florentine family, which under the surname of Buanojuti, afterwards changed to that of Galilei, had filled distinguished offices in the state. His father, Vincenzo Galilei, was a man of considerable talent and learning, with a competent knowledge of mathematics, and particularly devoted to the study of music, on the theory and practice of which, he published several treatises. Vincenzo had three sons, Galileo, Michel Angelo, and Benedetto, and the same number of daughters, Giuliæ, Virginia, and Livia; but he was not opulent, and being burdened with a numerous family, was unable to provide for them expensive instructors.

The subject of this notice gave early indications of an active and original mind, and even in his

childhood, showed a singular aptitude for mechanical contrivances, imitating with infinite address all sorts of machines, inventing new ones, or when, as often happened, he wanted the necessary materials for constructing these, adding new pieces to old ones. It is worthy of observation, that the boyhood of his great follower, Newton, whose genius in many respects closely resembled his own, was marked by a similar talent. Galileo commenced his literary studies at Florence, where his family resided; but for the reasons already stated, his masters were of the humblest kind. Knowing the disadvantages of his situation, Galileo resolved to supply by industry the want of better opportunities, and applied himself with so much diligence to the study of the classic models, that he soon laid the foundations of that extensive and solid literature, to which he was afterwards indebted for the purity of his language, and the elegance of his writings. His leisure hours were applied to the cultivation of music and drawing, in both of which arts he excelled. For the former, he inherited his father's talent, which he displayed by performing skilfully on several instruments, especially the lute. During the whole of his life, this continued to be his favorite recreation amidst more serious pursuits. In the latter, he acquired so perfect a taste, that eminent contemporary artists did not scruple to own their obligations to him, both for counsel and suggestions.

Such was Galileo at the age of eighteen, when his father, becoming daily more sensible of the extent of his genius, determined at whatever sacrifice, to give him the advantages of a university education.

In 1581, he commenced his academical career in the university of Pisa, which he entered with the intention of studying medicine, from the profession of which, his father hoped that he might one day procure an easy and honorable subsistence. But, called by the predestination of genius to unveil to mankind those wonders of nature, which their fanatical confidence in the opinions of Aristotle prevented them from seeing, even when revealed, he could not bring himself to assent without conviction, nor to admit the authority of a master in questions which reason and experiment ought alone to decide. Actuated by this spirit, he several times ventured, in the academical discussions, to combat the firmest supporters of the Aristotelian dogmas, and in consequence, obtained the reputation of possessing an obstinate and contradictory disposition; for men do not easily reconcile themselves to the subversion of opinions, the stability of which they have long been accustomed to consider as incapable of being shaken; and hence the partisans of Aristotle found as great difficulty in doubting, as Galileo in admitting the authority of that master. It is not a little remarkable, that some years later, Descartes commenced in France, as Bacon did in England,

the same war which Galileo had so boldly declared at Pisa: thus proving, that the great regenerative efforts of the human mind are inevitably brought on by the force of circumstances, and the natural progress of ideas, and that the men of genius, who attach their names to these memorable revolutions, are themselves carried onward by their age, and precede it only by a few steps.

It was at this period, 1582, when he had scarcely completed his eighteenth year, that Galileo made the first, and perhaps the finest of his discoveries. Happening one day to be in the Metropolitan church of Pisa, he remarked the regular and periodic movement of a lamp suspended from the roof of the cathedral. He also observed the equal duration of its oscillations, whether great or small; and this he confirmed by repeated experiments. Having satisfied himself as to the phenomenon itself, he immediately perceived the use to which it might be applied for the great measurement of time; and this idea having remained in his mind, he employed it fifty years afterwards, for the construction of a clock intended for astronomical observations. In what manner this instrument was constructed, does not exactly appear; but it seems certain that it was employed for the purpose stated.

At the time of which we are speaking, Galileo had no knowledge of mathematics, nor even the least desire to learn them, not conceiving in what respect

triangles and circles could conduce to the advancement of philosophy. The study of geometry was then at a very low ebb, not only in Italy, but in every country in Europe; and, with few exceptions, the application of mathematics to the phenomena of nature was scarcely thought of. Galileo's first inducement to acquire a knowledge of geometry, arose from his partiality for music and drawing. He had repeatedly heard his father state, that these arts, of which he was passionately fond, had their principles in the relations of numbers, and of position taught by mathematics; and he now entreated to be instructed in a subject which promised to unfold to him the true theory of his favorite pursuits. But his father, apprehensive that a study so absorbing to those who take pleasure in it, would diminish his zeal for medicine, wished him to wait until he had completed his course. Galileo, however, was not satisfied; and as Ostilio Ricci, professor of mathematics in the university, frequently visited at his father's house, he besought this person to give him secretly, some lessons in geometry. The professor consented, after having privately asked and obtained the consent of his father. But the young man had no sooner entered into the field of investigation for which nature had destined him, than his mind became engrossed by the pleasure he felt in the certain and entire possession of the truth; from that moment medicine and philosophy were abandoned for

Euclid; and all the efforts and remonstrances of his father, who desired to recall him to pursuits which he thought more useful, proved unavailing. The impulse had been given, and all attempts to counteract it were fortunately useless. Galileo had learned enough to enable him to pursue the study alone, and he did it by stealth until he advanced as far as the sixth book of Euclid, when being transported with the utility which he discovered in the science of geometry for giving force and method to the understanding, he resolved to avow his progress to his father, and entreat the latter no longer to oppose the decided bent of his mind. Vincenzo, then perceiving the irresistible predilection of his son, permitted him to enter freely upon those studies to which he thenceforward devoted all the energies of his highly gifted intellect.

Having thus abandoned the study of medicine, Galileo read with avidity the works of the ancient geometers, and then proceeded to study the treatise of Archimedes on floating bodies, which greatly delighted him. He now sought to multiply the applications of the method employed by the illustrious ancient in determining the proportions of an alloy of silver and gold, by successive weighings in water and in air; and for this purpose he invented an instrument similar in its uses to that which was afterwards called the hydrostatic balance. This invention, joined to his previous discovery respecting the

movement of oscillation, and his new and free method of discussing subjects in philosophy, had already procured him considerable reputation, when he formed a connection with the Marquis Guido Ubaldi, then one of the most learned mathematicians of Italy. At the suggestion of this distinguished person, Galileo applied himself to consider the position of the centre of gravity in solid bodies; a choice of subject sufficiently indicating the estimate which Ubaldi had formed of his powers, for the question was one upon which Commandine had recently written, and which at that time, engaged the attention of geometricians of the highest order. Galileo, however, discontinued his researches on meeting with Valerio's treatise upon the same subject; but Ubaldi was so much struck with the genius displayed in the essay which Galileo presented to him, that he introduced the young geometer to his brother, the Cardinal del Monte, who again warmly recommended him to John de' Medici, and the Grand Duke Ferdinand of Tuscany, as a person of the highest promise. These illustrious personages gave him a most favorable reception, and soon afterwards bestowed on him the chair of mathematics in the University of Pisa, although he had as yet scarcely completed his twenty-fifth year.

Excited by this distinction, Galileo neglected nothing calculated to justify the preference which had been granted him; and conceiving that a know-

ledge of the laws of motion is the basis of all solid study of nature, he undertook to establish them, not by hypothetical reasonings, as was the practice in the schools, but by real experiments. He thus demonstrated that all bodies, whatever be their nature, are equally affected by gravity; and that, if the spaces through which they descend in equal times are different, this depends on the unequal resistance opposed to them by the air, according to their different volumes. This important proposition Galileo completed long afterwards, in a work entitled, "*Dialoghi delle Scienze Move*," in which he established the true theory of uniformly accelerated motion. The novelty and beauty of his first experiments, performed before an immense concourse of spectators, excited great enthusiasm. At the same time, they embittered the animosity of the partisans of ancient philosophy, who, seeing their whole science attacked, sought to destroy the innovator in the opinions of persons in power, and at length succeeded in raising against him such a host of annoyances and persecutions, that, in 1592, he was obliged to resign his chair at Pisa.

Galileo returned to Florence without employment, and dared not present himself at the house of his father, who had already made so many sacrifices on his account. He had the good fortune to obtain from Guido Ubaldi, a letter of recommendation to an opulent gentleman of Florence, of the family of

Salviati, who received him with great kindness, and afforded him the means of prosecuting his discoveries, until he could find some employment. With a view to serve him, Salviati also made him known to a Venetian nobleman, of the name of Sangredo, an enlightened and influential man, who soon afterwards obtained for the youthful philosopher, the chair of mathematics at Padua, which was conferred on him for six years. It was in gratitude for these seasonable benefits, that Galileo gave the names of Sangredo and Salviati to the two interlocutors in his dialogue who support the true philosophy.

In his new situation, where he enjoyed greater freedom than he had done at Pisa, Galileo continued, with still more brilliant success, both his public lessons and his experimental researches. He constructed for the service of the state, various machines, of great utility. He also wrote for his pupils, treatises on gnomonics, mechanics, spherical astronomy, and even fortification, according to the usage of the age, when many things were united, which the progress of knowledge has since separated. In 1597, he invented the thermometer, and the proportional compass or sector, which he called the military compass, because he had principally intended it for the use of engineers. In 1599, his commission having expired, the senate renewed it for another six years, with an increase of salary,

which Galileo repaid to the republic by new discov eries.

In 1604, an unknown star of extraordinary brightness having suddenly appeared in the constellation Serpentarius, Galileo demonstrated by his observations, that this body was placed far beyond what the peripatetics called the elementary region; nay, that it was much more remote than all the planets, contrary to the formal and infallible opinion of Aristotle, who maintains that the heavens are incorruptible and free from all mutation. He also made researches on natural magnets, and succeeded in considerably increasing their power by means of capping or casing them. In 1606, his commission was renewed a second time, with additional advantages, for which he testified his gratitude as before, by increased diligence in the prosecution of his discoveries. But Envy, who had never lost sight of him, exerted herself to disturb that peace which is so necessary to the successful pursuit of science. On the occasion of his researches respecting the new star, he was grossly abused by one Baltasar Capra, of Milan. This man had the audacity to publish a Latin treatise on the proportional compass, in which he represented himself as the real inventor of that instrument; but, the calumny was so gross, that none were deceived by it. Galileo confounded his adversary, and the work of Capra was prohibited as a defamatory libel. Nor was this the only in-

stance in which he was obliged to vindicate his right of property in his own inventions. He frequently found himself ill-recompensed for the readiness with which he communicated the results of his investigations; but always raised himself by new discoveries far above these disgraceful attempts to appropriate the fruits of his genius.

The year 1609 was signalized by a discovery on the part of Galileo which forms one of the most solid foundations of his glory. In the month of April or May, a rumor was circulated in Venice, that a Dutchman had presented to Count Maurice, of Nassau, an instrument by which objects at a distance were made to appear as if near at hand. On this slight and cursory hint, Galileo immediately applied himself to discover if the thing were possible, conformably with the passage of the luminous rays through spherical glasses of the same forms. Some experiments made with lenses that he had at hand, produced the desired effect. The next day he gave to his friends an account of his success, which, in fact, was nothing less than the invention of the telescope. A short time afterwards, he presented several of these instruments to the Senate of Venice, accompanied with a description, in which he unfolded the immense consequences for nautical and astronomical observations which would result from the discovery. In recompense for his ingenuity, his commission as professor was continued for life, with an allowance of

salary triple that which he had previously received. Galileo neglected nothing calculated to evince his gratitude, or to add to the claims which had merited these favors.

Indefatigable in his researches, he invented the microscope; and also improved his telescope, and soon brought it to a state fit to be applied to the observation of the heavens. He then perceived what as yet no mortal eye had ever seen;—the surface of the moon like that of the earth, bristled with high mountains and ploughed with deep valleys; Venus, presenting, like the moon, phases which prove her rotundity; Jupiter, environed with four satellites, that accompany him in his course; the milky way; the nebulæ; in a word, the whole heavens bespangled with a countless multitude of stars too small to be perceived by the naked eye. A few days having sufficed to pass them in review, he hastened to announce his observations to the world, in a publication entitled "The Celestial Courier," which he dedicated to the princes of Medici, and which he continued, at intervals, on the discovery of new objects. He also observed that Saturn sometimes appeared under the form of a simple disc, and sometimes with two appendages which seemed two small planets; but it was reserved for another astronomer, (*Huygens,*) to demonstrate that these appearances were produced by the ring with which Saturn is surrounded.

Galileo also discovered moveable spots on the globe or disc of the sun, and did not hesitate to infer from these the rotation of that planet. He remarked that feeble light, which, in the first and last quarter of the moon, renders visible, by means of the telescope, the part of her disc which is not then directly enlightened by the sun; and he concluded rightly, that this effect was owing to the light reflected towards the moon by the earth. The continued observation of the spots of the moon, satisfied him that the planet always presents nearly the same aspect; and in these he recognised a kind of periodic oscillation, to which he gave the name of libration, the exact laws of which were afterwards made known by Dominic Cassini. In a word, not less profound in following new truths to their consequences than subtile in discovering them, Galileo perceived the use to which the motions and eclipses of Jupiter's satellites might be turned for the measure of longitudes; and even undertook to make a sufficient number of observations of these stars to enable him to construct tables for the use of navigators.

After so many admirable discoveries, it is astonishing that any one should dream of denying to Galileo the invention of the telescope, with which he had made them; as if in such a case the inventor was not he, who, guided by certain rules and by great views, knew how to perform wonders with that

which chance had thrown rude and unfashioned into incompetent hands. If the Hollander, who accidentally joined two glasses of unequal curvature, was really the inventor of the telescope, why then did he not turn it towards the heavens, the most beautiful and sublime application of that instrument? Why did he leave to Galileo the happiness and glory of overturning ancient prejudices, of consolidating, by the clearest proofs, the system of Copernicus, and of extending the celestial space beyond what imagination could have conceived? However this may be, it is easy to comprehend to what a height such vast discoveries must have raised the views of Galileo. He perceived all the consequences which resulted from them relatively to the constitution of the universe; and, indeed, how could they escape him, who, having taken nature as his guide, had, during his whole life, preserved his mind open to her impressions? He concealed none of these high consequences, which formed as it were the soul of his writings and conversation, and considered himself as henceforth entitled to despise errors too gross to be maintained.

Unfortunately for Galileo, he was no longer under the protection of Venice. Yielding to the instances of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who had named him mathematician extraordinary, and loaded him with favors, he had quitted Padua, where he enjoyed the utmost freedom, for Florence, where such a thing

as liberty was scarcely known. Honored by the senate, and united by the ties of friendship with several of the most distinguished senators, he could publish his opinions without danger to himself as long as he remained within the territories of that state. But, in the end, experience proved that he could have no security at the court of a prince who was obliged at least to keep up appearances with the court of Rome. His great merit had excited the envy of many, and his discoveries made enemies of all who had hitherto taught ancient doctrines, the greater part of whom were ecclesiastics. Accordingly, some declared that his discoveries in the stars were pure visions; others affirmed, that with diligent application they could see nothing announced by Galileo.

But the most certain method of reaching Galileo, was to begin by prohibiting the doctrine of Copernicus, which he supported and propagated with so much distinction. This was effected by representing it as contrary to Scripture, and denouncing it to the holy see. Galileo endeavored in vain to allay the storm, by publishing, in 1616, a letter addressed to the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, in which he undertook to prove theologically, and by reasons deduced from the fathers, that the terms of Scripture might be reconciled with his new discoveries respecting the constitution of the universe. This production only afforded a new handle to his adversaries, who

maintained that he had rested his defence on an opinion which was in itself erroneous in point of doctrine. He was then cited to appear personally at Rome, and constrained to repair thither to defend himself. But neither the arguments that he urged in support of his opinions, nor the justice they were forced to render to his knowledge, his merit, and even his catholicity, could prevent an assembly of theology named by the Pope, from coming to the following conclusion: "To maintain that the sun is placed immoveable in the centre of the world, is an opinion absurd in itself, false in philosophy, and formally heretical, because it is expressly contrary to the Scriptures; to maintain that the earth is not placed in the centre of the world, that it is not immoveable, and that it has even a daily motion of rotation, is also an absurd proposition, false in philosophy, and at least erroneous in point of faith." Confounded at this deliverance, Galileo employed all the arguments which the truth suggested to him in defence of a doctrine which his observations had rendered indubitable; but his efforts were unavailing, his reasonings were disregarded; and as he had not shown sufficient deference to the decision of the holy office, he was personally interdicted from professing in future the opinion which had just been condemned.

Galileo returned to Florence in 1617, and with grief resumed his astronomical studies. But his love

for the sublime truths of which he considered himself the depositary—increasing in proportion to the efforts made to extinguish it—he undertook to silence his adversaries, by collecting all the physical proofs of the motion of the earth and the constitution of the heavens. He was engaged upon this work during sixteen entire years. All that the finest genius could imagine in point of ingenuity, or the purest taste admit in point of elegance, he employed to render the truth attractive. It is not a learned treatise that he presents us as the fruit of his labor and talents, but a simple dialogue between two of the most distinguished personages of Florence and Venice. A third interlocutor, under the name of Simplicius, undertakes to re-produce the "invincible arguments" of the peripatetics, and each perfectly sustains the part assigned him.

Great genius was required for the composition of such a work; and equal address was necessary to obtain permission to publish it; and this Galileo undertook to procure even in Rome itself. In 1630, he proceeded to that city, and having waited on the master of the sacred palace, boldly presented his work as a collection of new scientific fancies, at the same time requesting him to examine it scrupulously, to retrench whatever he thought exceptionable, and indeed to criticize it with the greatest severity. The prelate, suspecting nothing, read it once and again, and finding nothing reprehensible in the work, set

his hand to the most ample approbation of its contents. But, the permission thus obtained was not sufficient; for, in order to profit by it, the work must be printed at Rome; and the numerous enemies of Galileo in that city would not have failed to explode the mine which the philosopher himself was charging to blow them up. At that time, some contagious distemper interrupted the communication between Florence and Rome; and, availing himself of this pretext, Galileo wrote to the master of the sacred palace, requesting permission to print his work at Florence, on condition of having it examined in that city. But the prelate, who perhaps began to suspect some deception, made difficulties, pointing out to Galileo a new censor, and demanded to see the approbation which he had previously given, in order, as he said, to revise the terms in which it was conceived. With this request Galileo could not refuse to comply; and the prelate having once got possession of the document, refused either to restore it or to give any explanation of his conduct. After making every effort to recover it, and even causing it to be demanded by the ambassador of Tuscany, Galileo was compelled to abandon the pursuit as hopeless; and, contenting himself with the approbation of the censor of Florence, which he now managed to obtain, he published his work in 1632.

To shield himself as much as possible from prosecution, he adopted the singular expedient of present-

ing his dialogues to the public as an apology for the judgment of Rome, by which the doctrine of Copernicus had been condemned. It is difficult at this time to imagine the fury which the appearance of this work excited among the theologians of Rome, almost all of whom were ardent peripatetics. In vain did Galileo attempt to escape, by alleging that his book had been submitted to the holy see. In vain did he, as a last resource, protest that his only object was to expound, in a philosophical manner, the two systems of Ptolemy and Copernicus. His enemies would admit no such excuse. Still, there remained to him some hope, founded upon the personal esteem of Pope Urban VIII., who, on a former occasion, had given him a most gracious reception, and had even paid his astronomical discoveries the compliment of celebrating them in bad verse; but the holy father, having been persuaded that Galileo had intended to represent him under the character of Simplicius, his wounded self-love rendered his severity inexorable. Notwithstanding the intercession of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the earnest solicitations which this prince caused to be made by this ambassador, the work of Galileo was conveyed to the Inquisition, and the author himself ordained to appear before that formidable tribunal.

The power of Rome was then supreme. It was necessary to obey. Neither the infirmity of his health, nor the pain that he suffered from a rheuma-

tic complaint could procure an exemption from that painful journey. This was in 1633, Galileo then being in the sixty-ninth year of his age. "I arrived at Rome," says he, in one of his letters, "on the tenth of February, and was remitted to the clemency of the Inquisition, and of the sovereign pontiff, Urban VIII., who had some esteem for me, although I could not compose epigrams, or write little amatory sonnets. I was put under arrest in the delicious palace of the Trinita de' Monti, the residence of the ambassador of Tuscany. Next day, I received a visit from father Lancio, commissary of the holy office, who took me with him in his coach. By the way he put to me a number of questions, and showed a great desire that I would repair the scandal that I had given to all Italy by maintaining the opinion of the motion of the earth; and to all the mathematical reasons which I could oppose to him, he could make no other answer than this; '*Terra antem in æternum stabit, quia terra in æternum stat.*' Thus discoursing, we arrived at the palace of the holy office. By the commissary I was presented to the assessor, with whom I found two religious Dominicans, who civilly informed me, that I should be permitted to explain my reasons before the congregation, and that afterwards I should be heard as to my grounds of excuse, if I were found guilty. The Thursday following, I appeared before the congregation, and applied my-

self to the exposition of my proofs. But, unfortunately for me, they were not apprehended; and notwithstanding all the pains I took, I could not succeed in making myself understood. My reasonings were cut short by bursts of zeal. They spoke to me only of the scandal which I had occasioned; and always opposed to me the passages of Scripture on the miracle of Joshua as the victorious piece of my process. This brought to my recollection another passage where the language of the sacred book is evidently conformable to popular ideas, since it is said that, *the heavens are solid, and polished like a mirror of brass.* This example appeared to me one in point to prove that the expression of Joshua might be similarly interpreted; and the consequence seemed to me perfectly just. But no regard whatever was paid to it, and all the answers I received, consisted of shrugs of the shoulders."

On the 30th of April, Galileo was sent back to the residence of the ambassador, with a prohibition not to go beyond the environs of the palace, but with permission to walk freely in the gardens attached to it. On the 22d of June, he was again brought before the tribunal to hear the sentence read, and pronounce the abjuration dictated to him, according to which the venerable philosopher was made to say, "I abjure, curse, and detest the error and heresy of the motion of the earth," etc.; and

to promise that he would never more in future say or assert anything, verbally or in writing, importing that the sun is the centre of the world and immoveable; and that the earth is not the centre of the world and moveable. This expiation being completed, his dialogues were prohibited, he was condemned to suffer imprisonment for an indefinite period, and, as a salutary punishment, he was ordained to recite once a week for three years, the seven penitential psalms. Such was the unworthy recompense of one of the greatest geniuses that has ever enlightened humanity.

It is said, that after having pronounced his abjuration, Galileo, as he rose from the kneeling posture, indignant at the monstrous injustice of his age, stamped on the ground, and said in an under tone, "it moves notwithstanding."

Galileo suffered the effect, unhappily too common, of the envy which always attaches to great celebrity. But in denouncing to posterity the shameful injustice done to this great man, it must in fairness be admitted, that the formidable tribunal by which he was condemned, did not exercise towards him its extreme severity. His captivity was mitigated, since the prison assigned him was the magnificent palace of the Archbishop of Sienna, Piccolomini, his friend and pupil, surrounded with beautiful gardens, in which he was allowed to take exercise at pleasure. In the beginning of December, 1633, the

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pope granted him permission to reside openly in the country near Florence; and at a somewhat later period, he was allowed to enter the city as often as his infirmities required. Nevertheless, these restrictions proved that he still remained under the surveillance of the Inquisition. The Italian writers even say, that he several times received threatening letters from the tribunal, on account of the pursuits to which he still applied himself, and on pretence of his too intimate connection with the learned in Germany.

It was cruel thus to afflict an old man, who had committed no other error than that of unfolding truths previously unknown. This treatment made a deep impression on his mind, as may be seen from the preface to his two new dialogues on the motion and resistance of solids, which he confided in manuscript to the Count de Noailles, when the latter was on his return to France from Rome, where he had been ambassador. "Confounded and afflicted with the bad success of my other works," says he, "and having resolved to publish nothing more, I have wished at least to place in sure hands some copy of my works; and as the particular affection with which you have honored me will certainly make you desirous to preserve them, I have chosen to confide these to you." The Count lost no time in communicating them to the Elzevirs, by whom they were printed at Leyden, in 1628. Nor is this the

only production of Galileo, which the French have had the honor of saving from his enemies. It was a Frenchman, Father Mersenne, who first published his mechanics.

Oppressed with the weight of years and misfortunes, Galileo still pursued his observations, and worked with indefatigable courage to continue his tables of Jupiter's satellites, when the loss of sight obliged him, at the age of seventy-four, to discontinue his labors. But his faculties survived this deprivation, and he did not cease to meditate on nature, though it was now concealed from his view. Surrounded by attentive and respectful pupils, and by the most distinguished persons of Florence, he lived four years in this state of blindness, after which a slow fever terminated his long and brilliant career, on the 9th of January, 1642, (the same year in which Newton was born,) at the advanced age of seventy-eight. His body was carried to Florence, and buried in the church of Santa Croce. Nearly a century later, the splendid monument was erected that covers his remains, and those of his celebrated pupil and friend, Viviani.

LITTLE RED-RIDING HOOD.

BY HENRY J. NEWTON.

THE story of Little Red-Riding Hood is peculiarly calculated to affect the imagination of a child. I shall never forget the occasion when I first listened to it. It was towards the close of a winter's day, when I was in my early childhood, and before I could realize the improbabilities which, at a later period, roused all my youthful skepticism. The day had been stormy, and still continued so. The hail rattled against the casement, the wind howled across the landscape, the bare trees creaked mournfully in the tempest, and, as evening drew on, a wild and ominous appearance settled forebodingly upon all without. It was at this hour, between twilight and dark, that my mother, drawing me to her knee, began to amuse me, as her custom was, by rehearsing nursery rhymes and telling old legends adapted to my capacity.

She sat before the fire, whose warmth was in cheerful contrast to the cold without; and I, looking up into her face, listened eagerly. She told me, for the hundredth time, the adventures of Tom Thumb; she narrated the story of Jack the Giant-killer, and his wonderful bean-stalk; and she went over,

one by one, a score of other fairy tales, beginning with Beauty and the Beast, and concluding with Cinderella. When she had finished, it was quite dark without, though, in our snug parlor, the ruddy fire diffused a partial light. I was still unsatisfied, however. I asked for another story, as an especial favor; only one more; with that I would be satisfied. She reflected a moment, and then, her stock being quite exhausted without it, told me the tale of Little Red-Riding Hood, which she had kept back hitherto, deeming me too young for its tragic horrors.

I listened breathlessly. I seemed to see the little girl bodily, in her red cloak and hood, as she trudged along to the cottage of old dame Goody. I heard the birds sing, the waters murmur, and the leaves rustle on that bright and sunny morning. I already loved little Red-Riding Hood, as I loved no one but my young sister. When I heard the false voice of the wolf, and saw him covered up in the bed-clothes, I shuddered, gave a low shriek, and nestled close to my mother, so that she would have stopped; but I begged her to proceed, for my curiosity to hear the end exceeded my terrors. With resolute courage I prepared myself for the worst, and scarcely drew breath as the narrative proceeded. My imagination vividly realized, meantime, every step in the subsequent events. When little Red-Riding Hood knocked at the door, unsuspicious that the terrible wolf was within, I almost sprang from my mother's arms, in-

tending to fly and warn her of the peril. From this point to the close of the tragedy, my feelings became wrought up, more and more every moment; and when the sad tale was over, I wept as passionately as if it had been some playmate of my own, and not a mere ideal creation, whom the perfidious wolf had eaten up.

Perhaps no story, before or since, affected so vividly my imagination. That the wolf talked was no improbability to me then. I believed firmly that the savage beast actually could and did feign the voice of old dame Goody; and from that time a wolf became a sort of ogre that haunted my childish fancy continually. The wild legends, once so popular in Europe, of men and women, who changed themselves into wolves, and roved about the country at night devouring children, I perused with equal avidity and horror. At night I frequently dreamed of savage beasts of prey, among which the terrible wolf was pre-eminent. I was chased by wolves in lonely forests; I was fast in a snow-drift and heard them after me; I was shut up in a cabin, miles from succor, with a pack of wolves howling around the door till morning. In some dog-eared, tattered book, which a boy at school had lent me, I found a picture of wolves from the Pyrenees tearing open graves, as they are said to do, in severe winters, in the south of France; and from that hour this idea also mingled in my visions. It was many

years before I grew out of these terrors, not indeed until I was almost a man.

And yet I do not regret that I heard, so young, the story of little Red-Riding Hood. There is a tragic beauty in the tale, with all its horrors, which must always render it a favorite; while there are but few, perhaps, who realize its terrors as acutely as I did. The simplicity and directness of the legend, savoring of the primitive times, bring it home at once to the heart. It is to the literature of childhood what Homer is to that of later life. Little Red-Riding Hood becomes, to the imagination, a real person, and continues with us, as such, even when we are grown men and women. Achilles and she seem no shadowy figments, but palpable existences, whom we often see, in the world of memory, one dragging Hector's body around the walls of Troy, the other knocking innocently at the door and being answered by the perfidious wolf. No other heroes or heroines exercise the same sway over the fancy or retain a similar hold upon the heart.

Such at least is my experience. The characters in Scott's immortal series of fictions, appear more real to me than those of any other novelist, Fielding not excepted; but Fergus Macevor, Diana Vernon, Rebecca, or the Templars, are but phantoms compared with Achilles or little Red-Riding Hood. These last were the pets of my childhood, and they remain so, to some extent, in my adult years.

A FABLE.

VIRTUE, GENIUS, REPUTATION,
(Tho' near related, yet good friends,)
Resolv'd, no doubt for public ends,
To make a tour throughout the nation.
"Ere we," says GENIUS, "quit our own abode,
As accidents may happen on the road,
(Precaution seldom speaks in vain,)
Let us on certain signs agree,
In case we should part company,
Which way to meet again.
To trace my haunts, I'll give a certain clew:—
Wherever arts and sciences you view;
Where painting, and where sculpture still are shown,
On breathing canvass, and on living stone;
And where Apollo and the Nine inspire,
Verse wrote with ease, simplicity, and fire,
And prose sublime, precise, and clear,
You may be sure I'm somewhere near."

So GENIUS spoke;—and VIRTUE thus replied:—
"No need to search the town and country round;
You're safe enough where you abide.
I wish that I could give so sure a guide;
But, really, when I chance to slip aside,
I'm not so easy to be found.

Howe'er, should you in any place, espy
A rich man list'ning to the orphan's cry,
  Who neither shuts his heart nor door,
  But pities and relieves the poor;
  A friend who parts with half his store,
His friend to rescue from distress;
  Who in misfortune loves him still the more,
And th' other, tho' obliged, not love him less;
A modern lady who detests a rout;
A prude without hypocrisy, devout;
A bishop free from pride, a judge upright;
  A middling poet without spite;
You'll find me there or thereabout.
I'm scarcely ever to be seen at court,
And in the city only now and then;
  The desert is my surest port,
  And there with pleasure I resort,
Unknown to vice, and far from men."

"Your schemes are settled in so true a light,"
  Says REPUTATION, "that I make no doubt
  You'll both, if stray'd, be soon found out.
With me the case is different, quite;
  Researches, tokens, all are vain.
Be cautious how you trust me out of sight;
  For when once lost, I'm never found again."

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

MADAME JUNOT.

HAD Charlotte Corday lived in the Greek or Roman republics, the action which has given celebrity to her name, would have elevated her memory to the highest rank of civic virtue. The Christian moralist judges of such deeds by a different standard. The meek spirit of the Saviour's religion raises its voice against murder of every denomination, leaving to Divine Providence the infliction of His will upon such men as Marat, whom, for wise and inscrutable purposes, He sends, from time to time, as scourges upon the earth. In the present instance, Charlotte Corday anticipated the course of nature but a few weeks, perhaps only a few days—for Marat, when she killed him, was already stricken with mortal disease. Fully admitting, as I sincerely do, the Christian precept in its most comprehensive sense, I am bound to say, nevertheless, that Charlotte Corday's error arose from the noblest and most exalted feelings of the human heart: that she deliberately sacrificed her life to the purest love of her country,

unsullied by private feelings of any kind; and that having expiated her error by a public execution, the motive by which she was actuated, and the lofty heroism she displayed, entitle her to the admiration of posterity.

Marie Adelaide Charlotte, daughter of Jean Francois Corday d'Armans, and Charlotte Gordier, his wife, was born in 1768, at St. Saturnin, near Seez, in Normandy. Her family belonged to the Norman nobility, of which it was not one of the least ancient; and she was descended on the female side from the great Corneille. She was educated at the Abbey of the Holy Trinity, at Caën—and from her earliest youth, evinced superior intellectual endowments.

From a peculiar bent of mind very uncommon in females, especially at that period, Charlotte Corday devoted herself to the study of politics and the theory of government. Strongly tinctured with the philosophy of the last century, and deeply read in ancient history, she had formed notions of pure republicanism which she hoped to see realized in her own country. A friend at first to the revolution, she exulted in the opening dawn of freedom; but when she saw this dawn overcast by the want of energy in the Girondins, the mean and unprincipled conduct of the Feuillans, and the sanguinary ferocity of the Mountain party, she thought only of the means of averting the calamities which threatened again to enslave the French people.

On the overthrow of the Girondins and their expulsion from the Convention, Charlotte Corday was residing at Caën, with her relative, Madame de Broteville. She had always been an enthusiastic admirer of the federal principles of this party—so eloquently developed in their writings—and had looked up to them as the saviours of France. She was therefore not prepared for the weakness and even pusillanimity which they afterwards displayed.

The Girondist representatives * sought refuge in the department of Calvados, where they called upon every patriot to take up arms in defence of freedom. On their approach to Caën, Charlotte Corday, at the head of the young girls of their city, bearing crowns and flowers, went out to meet them. The civic crown was presented to Lanjuinais, and Charlotte herself placed it upon his head—a circumstance which must constitute not the least interesting recollection of Lanjuinais' life.

Marat was, at this period, the ostensible chief of the Mountain party, and the most sanguinary of its members. He was a most hideous deformity both in mind and person; his lank and distorted features covered with leprosy, and his vulgar and ferocious leer, were a true index of the passions which worked in his odious mind. A series of unparalleled atrocities had raised him to the highest power with his

* So called from their occupying the highest seats in the Assembly.

party; and though he professed to be merely passive in the revolutionary government, his word was law with the Convention, and his fiat irrevocable. In everything relating to the acquisition of wealth, he was incorruptible, and even gloried in his poverty. But the immense influence he had acquired, turned his brain, and he gave full range to the evil propensities of his nature, now unchecked by any authority. He had formed principles of political faith, in which, perhaps, he sincerely believed, but which were founded upon his inherent love of blood, and his hatred of every human being who evinced talents or virtue above his fellow men. The guillotine was not only the altar of the distorted thing he worshipped under the name of Liberty, but it was also the instrument of his pleasures: for his highest gratification was the writhings of the victim who fell under its axe. Even Robespierre attempted to check this unquenchable thirst of human blood, but in vain; opposition only excited Marat to greater atrocities. With rage depicted in his livid features, and with the howl of a demoniac, he would loudly declare that rivers of blood could alone purify the land, and must therefore flow. In his paper entitled "*L'Ami du Peuple*," he denounced all those whom he had doomed to death, and the guillotine spared none whom he designated.

Charlotte Corday, having read his assertion in this journal, that three hundred thousand heads were

requisite to consolidate the liberties of the French people, could not contain her feelings. Her cheeks flushed with indignation;

"What!" she exclaimed, "is there not in the whole country a man bold enough to kill this monster?"

Meanwhile an insurrection against the ruling faction was in progress, and the exiled deputies had established a central assembly at Caen, to direct its operations. Charlotte Corday, accompanied by her father, regularly attended the sittings of this assembly, where her striking beauty rendered her the more remarkable, because, from the retired life she led, she was previously unknown to any of the members.

Though the eloquence of the Girondins was here powerfully displayed, their actions but little corresponded with it. A liberating army had been formed in the department, and placed under the command of General Felix Wimpfen. But neither this general nor the deputies took any measures worthy of the cause; their proceedings were spiritless and inefficient, and excited without checking the faction in power. Marat denounced the Girondins in his paper, and demanded their death as necessary for the safety of the republic.

Charlotte Corday was deeply afflicted at the nerveless measures of the expelled deputies, and imagining that, if she could succeed in destroying Marat, the fall of his party must necessarily ensue,

she determined to offer up her own life for the good of her country. She accordingly called on Barbaroux, one of the Girondist leaders, with whom she was not personally acquainted, and requested a letter of introduction to M. Duperret, a deputy favorable to the Girondins, and then at Paris. Having also requested Barbaroux to keep her secret, she wrote to her father, stating, that she had resolved to emigrate to England, and had set out privately for that country, where alone she could live in safety.

She arrived in Paris at the beginning of July, 1793, and immediately called upon M. Duperret. But she found this deputy as devoid of energy as of talent, and therefore only made use of him to assist her in transacting some private business.

A day or two after her arrival, an incident occurred, which is worthy of a place here.

Being at the Tuilleries, she seated herself upon a bench in the garden. A little boy, attracted no doubt by the smile with which she greeted him, enlisted her as a companion of his gambols. Encouraged by her caresses, he thrust his hand into her half open pocket, and drew forth a pistol.

"What toy is this?" said he.

"It is a toy," answered Charlotte, "which may prove very useful in these times."

So saying she quickly concealed the weapon, and looking round to see whether she were observed, immediately left the garden.

On the 11th of July, Charlotte Corday attended the sitting of the Convention, with a determination to shoot Marat in the midst of the assembly. But he was too ill to leave his house; and she had to listen to a long tirade against the Girondins, made by Cambon, in a report on the state of the country.

On the 12th, at nine o'clock in the evening, she called on M. Prud'homme, a historian of considerable talent and strict veracity, with whose writings on the revolution, she had been much struck.

"No one properly understands the state of France," said she, with the accent of true patriotism; "your writings alone have made an impression upon me, and that is the reason why I have called upon you. Freedom, as you understand it, is for all conditions and opinions. You feel, in a word, that you have a country. All other writers on the events of the day are partial, and full of empty declamation; they are wholly guided by factions, or, what is worse, by coteries.

M. Prud'homme says that, in this interview, Charlotte Corday appeared to him a woman of a most elevated mind and striking talent.

The day after this visit she went to the Palais Royal and bought a sharp pointed carving-knife, with a black sheath. On her return to the hotel in which she lodged—Hotel de la Providence, Rue des Augustins—she made her preparation for the deed she intended to commit the next day. Having put

her papers in order, she placed a certificate of her baptism in a red pocket-book, in order to take it with her, and thus establish her identity. This she did because she had resolved to make no attempt to escape, and was therefore certain she should leave Marat's house for the conciergerie, preparatory to her appearing before the revolutionary tribunal.

Next morning, the 14th, taking with her the knife she had purchased, and her red pocket-book, she proceeded to Marat's residence. The representative was ill, and could not be seen, and Charlotte's entreaties for admittance on the most urgent business were unavailing. She therefore withdrew, and wrote the following note, which she herself delivered to Marat's servant.

"CITIZEN REPRESENTATIVE:

"I am just arrived from Caën. Your well known patriotism leads me to presume that you will be glad to be made acquainted with what is passing in that part of the Republic. I will call on you again in the course of the day; have the goodness to give orders that I may be admitted, and grant me a few minutes conversation. I have important secrets to reveal to you.

"CHARLOTTE CORDAY."

At seven o'clock in the evening, she returned, and reached Marat's antechamber; but the woman who waited on him refused to admit her to the monster's presence. Marat, however, who was in a bath in the next room, hearing the voice of a young girl, and little thinking she had come to deprive him of

life, ordered that she should be shown in. Charlotte seated herself by the side of the bath. The conversation ran upon the disturbances in the department of Calvados, and Charlotte, fixing her eyes upon Marat's countenance, as if to scrutinize his most secret thoughts, pronounced the names of several of the Girondist deputies.

"They shall soon be arrested," he cried, with a howl of rage, "and executed the same day."

He had scarcely uttered these words when Charlotte's knife was buried in his bosom.

"Help!" he cried, "help! I am murdered." He died immediately.

Charlotte might have escaped, but she had no such intention. She had undertaken what she conceived a meritorious action, and was resolved to stay and ascertain whether her aim had been sure. In a short time, the screams of Marat's servants brought a crowd of people into the room. Some of them beat and ill used her, but the Members of the Section having arrived, she placed herself under their protection. They were all struck with her extraordinary beauty, as well as the calm and lofty heroism that beamed from her countenance. Accustomed as they were to the shedding of human blood, they could not behold this beautiful girl unmoved, who had not yet reached her twenty-fifth year, standing before them with unflinching eye, but with modest dignity, awaiting their fiat of death for a deed

which she imagined would save her country from destruction. At length Danton arrived, and treated her with the most debasing indignity, to which she only opposed silent contempt. She was then dragged into the street, placed in a coach, and Drouet was directed to conduct her to the conciergerie. On her way thither she was attacked by the infuriated multitude. Here for the first time she evinced symptoms of alarm. The possibility of being torn to pieces in the streets, and her mutilated limbs dragged through the kennel and made a sport of by the infuriated rabble, had never before occurred to her imagination. The thought now struck her with dismay, and aroused all her feelings of female delicacy. The firmness of Drouet, however, saved her, and she thanked him warmly.

"Not that I feared to die," she said, "but it was repugnant to my woman's nature to be torn to pieces before every body."

Whilst she was at the conciergerie, a great many persons obtained leave to see her, and all felt the most enthusiastic admiration on beholding a young creature of the most surpassing loveliness, with endowments that did honor to her sex, and a loftiness of heroism to which few of the stronger sex have attained, who had deliberately executed that which no man in the country had the resolution to attempt, though the whole nation wished it, and calmly given up her life to the public weal.

Charlotte's examination before the revolutionary tribunal is remarkable for the dignified simplicity of her answers. I shall only mention one, which deserves to be handed down to posterity.

"Accused," said the president, "how happened it that thou couldst reach the heart at the very first blow? Hadst thou been practising beforehand?"

Charlotte cast an indescribable look at the questioner.

"Indignation had roused my heart," she replied, "and it showed me the way to his."

When sentence of death was passed on her, and all her property declared forfeited to the state, she turned to her counsel, M. Chauveau Lagarde:

"I cannot, Sir, sufficiently thank you," she said, "for the noble and delicate manner in which you have defended me; and I will at once give you a proof of my gratitude. I have now nothing in the world, and I bequeath to you the few debts I have contracted in prison. Pray discharge them for me."

When the executioner came to make preparations for her execution, she entreated him not to cut off her hair.

"It shall not be in your way," she said; and taking a string, she tied her beautiful hair on the top of her head, so as not to impede the stroke of the axe.

In her last moments she refused the assistance of a priest; and upon this is founded the charge of her being an infidel. But there is nothing to justify so

foul a blot upon her memory. Charlotte Corday had opened her mind, erroneously perhaps, to freedom of thought in religion as well as in politics. Deeply read in the philosophic writings of the day, she had formed her own notions of faith. She certainly rejected the communion of the Roman Church; and it may be asked whether the conduct of the hierarchy of France before the revolution was calculated to convince her that she was in error? But because she refused the aid of man as a mediator between her and God, is it just to infer that she rejected her Creator? Certainly not. A mind like hers was incapable of existing without religion; and the very act she committed may justify the inference that she anticipated the contemplation, from other than earthly realms, of the happiness of her rescued country.

As the cart in which she was seated proceeded towards the place of execution, a crowd of wretches in the street, ever ready to insult the unfortunate, and glut their eyes with the sight of blood, called out;

"To the guillotine with her!"

"I am on my way thither," she mildly replied, turning towards them.

She was a striking figure as she sat in the cart. The extraordinary beauty of her features, and the mildness of her look, strangely contrasted with the murderous red garment which she wore. She smiled at the spectators whenever she perceived marks of sympathy rather than curiosity, and this smile gave

a beautiful expression to her countenance. Adam Lux, a deputy of Mayence, having met the cart, shortly after it left the conciergerie, gazed with wonder upon this beautiful apparition—for he had never before seen Charlotte—and a passion, as singular as it was deep, immediately took possession of his mind.

"Oh!" cried he, "this woman is surely greater than Brutus!"

Anxious once more to behold her, he ran at full speed towards the Palais Royal, which he reached before the cart arrived in front of it. Another look which he cast upon Charlotte Corday, completely unsettled his reason. The world to him had suddenly become a void, and he resolved to quit it. Rushing like a madman to his own house, he wrote a letter to the revolutionary tribunal, in which he repeated the words he had already uttered at the sight of Charlotte Corday, and concluded by asking to be condemned to death, in order that he might join her in a better world. His request was granted, and he was executed soon after. Before he died, he begged the executioner to bind him with the very cords that had encircled the delicate limbs of Charlotte upon the same scaffold, and his head fell as he was pronouncing her name.

Charlotte Corday, wholly absorbed by the solemnity of her last moments, had not perceived the effect she had produced upon Adam Lux, and died in ignorance of it. Having reached the foot of the

guillotine, she ascended the platform with a firm step, but with the greatest modesty of demeanor. "Her countenance," says an eye-witness, "evinced only the calmness of a soul at peace with itself."

The executioner having removed the handkerchief which covered her shoulders and bosom, her face and neck became suffused with a deep blush. Death had no terrors for her—but her innate feelings of modesty were deeply wounded at being thus exposed to public gaze. Her being fastened to the fatal plank seemed a relief to her, and she eagerly rushed to death, as a refuge against this violation of female delicacy.

When her head fell, the executioner took it up, and bestowed a buffet upon one of the cheeks. The eyes, which were already closed, again opened, and cast a look of indignation upon the brute, as if consciousness had survived the separation of the head from the body. This fact, extraordinary as it may seem, has been averred by thousands of witnesses; it has been accounted for in various ways, and no one has ever questioned its truth.

Before Charlotte Corday was taken to execution, she wrote a letter to her father, entreating his pardon for having, without his permission, disposed of the life she owed him. Here the lofty-minded heroine again became the meek and submissive daughter, as, upon the scaffold, the energetic and daring woman was nothing but a modest and gentle girl.

The Mountain party, furious at the loss of their leader, attempted to vituperate the memory of Charlotte Corday, by attributing to her motives much less pure and praiseworthy than those which really led to the commission of the deed for which she suffered. They asserted, that she was actuated by revenge for the death of a man named Belzunce, who was her lover, and had been executed at Caën, upon the denunciation of Marat. But, Charlotte Corday was totally unacquainted with Belzunce; she had never even seen him. More than that, she was never known to have an attachment of the heart. Her thoughts and feelings were wholly engrossed by the state of her country, and her mind had no leisure for the contemplation of connubial happiness. Her life was therefore offered up in the purest spirit of patriotism, unmixed with any worldly passion.

M. Prud'homme relates that, on the very day of Marat's death, M. Piot, a teacher of the Italian language, called upon him. This gentleman had just left Marat, with whom he had been conversing on the state of the country. The representative, in reply to some observation made by M. Piot, had uttered these remarkable words:

"They who govern, are a pack of fools! France must have a chief; but, to reach this point, blood must be shed—not *drop by drop*, but in *torrents!*"

"Marat," added M. Piot to M. Prud'homme, "was

in his bath, and very ill. This man cannot live a month longer."

When M. Piot was informed that Marat had been murdered, an hour after he had made this communication to M. Prud'homme, he was stricken with a sort of palsy, and would probably have died of fright, had not M. Prud'homme promised not to divulge this singular coincidence.

To the eternal disgrace of the French nation, no monument has been raised to the memory of Charlotte Corday, nor is it even known where her remains were deposited; and yet, in the noble motive of her conduct, and the immense and generous sacrifice she made of herself, when in the enjoyment of everything that could make life valuable, she has an eternal claim upon the gratitude of her country.

THE HEROINE OF DUTY.

"I SHOULD like to be a heroine," said Fanny Cressy, as she laid down an interesting novel.

"You can be a heroine if you like," replied the mother.

"A heroine, mamma! What do you mean? You know I am a short, dumpy girl, with white eyes and red hair; and heroines are always beautiful."

"I do not mean that you can be a heroine of love, Fanny,—but what is much better, you can be a heroine of duty. That character you can sustain through life, and a heroine of love has but a limited period."

"I think there would be nothing particularly charming or fascinating in that character," replied Fanny; "a heroine of duty can never be admired like a heroine of love."

"You are mistaken, my child. That character

calls forth the deepest admiration. A feeling such as mere beauty with only external charms could never inspire. You always admire the truly disinterested and generous, and no one can be a heroine of duty who does not possess these traits. You admire Jeanie Deans, was not she a heroine of duty when she made such noble efforts to save her sister's life ?"

"Oh, that was all romance, I suppose."

"Not at all. The story of that novel was founded on fact. There was a Scotch peasant girl, who lived near Dumfries, and earned her daily bread by field labor. Her real name was Helen Walker. Her father and mother both died, and left her in charge with a sister who was much younger than herself. She worked hard to support her, and took the most faithful care of her. Yet she committed a crime which would be punished with death, according to the laws of her country, unless it could be proved that she had told some one of her offence. It would have been very easy for Helen to say that her sister had done so, but she would not be guilty of falsehood; and when questioned on the trial, acknowledged that her sister had communicated nothing to her on the subject. The consequence was, the unfortunate girl was condemned to die.

"Helen immediately proved her strong affection for her by setting off on foot for London, to beg her life from government. This journey of more than

three hundred miles was rewarded by the pardon of her sister.

"Sir Walter Scott heard her story, and admiring her devotion to truth, and her exertions for her sister, made her the heroine of a novel. Not only that—he sought out her grave, and erected a handsome monument over it, setting forth her virtues."

"Now which would you prefer to have been, Jeanie, with her upright character and true disinterestedness, or Effie with all her grace and beauty?"

"Jeanie, decidedly. You know I always admired her character."

"Yes, you admired a heroine of duty without being aware of it. And you will find many a true heroine in that class of life, as well as your own. Grace Darling was another, who so nobly braved the waves and the storm, to save her fellow creatures from death. Who could show a braver spirit? You may never find occasion to travel hundreds of miles on foot to save the life of a friend, or go out in an open boat to rescue those who are perishing at sea. But in discharging the duties of life that fall to your lot, you may often have occasion for that brave spirit called heroism. It is not necessary that extraordinary circumstances should occur to develope it. It is often met with in every day life, —that is, among the middle and lower classes. Among the wealthy it is not so often called forth. They are dependent upon others for exertion, rather

than others upon them; and are more accustomed to feel that everything must bend to their wishes, and not theirs to those around them. I once knew a lady who was trained in this way—and in consequence of it, was always unhappy. She could not lose a game at back-gammon without shedding tears. Do you think she could ever be a heroine of duty?"

"No, mamma, I should think she could never be anything but a child."

"Very few exhibit the character we are discussing, who have not been early disciplined by the adversities of life. But we have some examples around us—and now if you are ready for a ride, we will go and see Martha Kane, who is a heroine of duty."

Mrs. Cressy's early life was a period of much privation and suffering. She bore it not only with patience and resignation, but with cheerfulness, for she believed that her Heavenly Father had appointed her lot, and therefore she had no right to indulge a murmuring thought. With this spirit, and a quiet sympathy that reached all hearts, she helped to cheer and sustain others who were suffering from privation and misfortune. This fellow-feeling for all around her, none can fully understand who have not themselves been sufferers.

She associated her children as much as possible in all her pursuits and pleasures—sometimes taking them with her in her visits to the sick, and interesting them in all works of charity that she undertook

at home. Some of her worldly friends called her fanatical. This did not change her course, for she thought it important that all Christian duties should be practically inculcated early in life, when strong and lasting impressions are given, particularly from those associated with a parent's influence. To a friend who was discussing the subject with her, she remarked, "When I train my children to charitable duties, I think I am only discharging a parent's duty. There is no heavier curse denounced in the Bible than that against those who do nothing to serve their fellow-creatures: 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels: for I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.'

"'Then shall they answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?

"'Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have not done it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye have not done it unto me.

"'And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal.'"

But, to return to Martha Kane. At the end of

their drive, a sudden turn in the road brought Mrs. Cressy and Fanny directly upon her residence.

"How beautiful it is!" exclaimed Fanny; "I wonder I never thought so before!"

"It is some time since you were here," replied her mother; "in the mean time you have grown a little older, and more observing. And then your lessons in drawing have opened a new source of pleasure to you, for you now appreciate the picturesque."

Picturesque it was indeed. A dilapidated old farm-house, situated on the bank of a small river in a secluded spot, and overshadowed with trees. Nothing in its way could be more attractive.

As they approached the gate, Martha, who might have been twenty-five years of age—a pleasing person with gentle manners—came out to meet them, followed by two little children, and carrying the third in her arms.

"I am glad to see you, Mrs. Cressy," said she; "since I have had the care of these children, I could not think of any one I wanted to see so much."

"I am always glad to come and see you, Martha, for I am always sure of meeting a cheerful face and a kind greeting. How long have you had your sister's children with you?"

"About a fortnight. Soon after the death of their mother, their father gave up. You know he has been in bad health for some time. He has now

gone to his father's, where they will take care of him, but they were not able to take the children, and I could not have them go to strangers."

"Do you find the task a burden to you?"

"No, not a burden, for they are very good, and I love them. But I feel such a responsibility in the care of them. I feel as if I wanted some directions how to manage them, so that they will all turn out well."

"Secure their affections, Martha; influence them through their reason and a sense of right—always improving every opportunity to instil their minds with right principle; impress upon them their accountability to a higher Power, and leave the rest to Him who rules over all, and over-rules all for good. It is natural that you should feel undue anxiety at first; but let your trust in God regulate that. I am glad the poor little orphans have fallen to such good care."

"Perhaps some one else might do better for them than I shall," replied Martha—"but I shall try my best."

While Mrs. Cressy and Martha were conversing, Fanny made some acquaintance with the children—speaking a kind word to each, inspiring them with a confidence that made them quite communicative, and that prompted them to bring forth all their little treasures, feeling secure of her sympathy.

She afterwards repeated her visits, and found

pleasure in assisting Martha, by cutting frocks, and rendering many little services, which, though trifling in themselves, were a great relief to one who had so many cares and duties devolving upon her, without the means of commanding the assistance she required.

As they left the house, Fanny remarked to her mother,—"How disagreeable it must be to Martha to live with that idiot brother of her's!"

"Yes, a great trial indeed. And the care of him is equal to that of the three children—for he is very obstinate, and cannot be reasoned with. His father is obliged to be at his work in the fields, and poor Martha has a task to manage him.

"The discipline of her life," continued Mrs. Cressy, "has well fitted her for her arduous duties. Her mother was almost helpless, from paralysis, for several years before her death; and Martha devoted herself to the care of her, besides filling her place in the family. She might have gone into a factory and earned a good living for herself, as did some of her companions; but she said,—'My parents would suffer without me, and it is my duty to stay with them.'"

The next morning was rainy and unpleasant; and Fanny said to herself,—"I think I'll stay at home to-day, for it is so disagreeable going out; and besides, it's algebra day—and of all my lessons, I do dislike it the most."

She looked out of the window, and saw the rain pouring fast, and thought how fine it was the day before, and Martha Kane and the children recurred to her mind.

"Nonsense!" thought she; "this is next to crying over a lost game, and I'll go to school, and study algebra with a good will."

Much to her surprise, she rather enjoyed algebra for the first time; and learned, that a task taken cheerfully, was easily accomplished. With this spirit she met every task in future—and if not a heroine of love, became a HEROINE OF DUTY.

THE PET RABBIT.

BY HARRIET SYMMES.

What a pretty, pretty pet!
With its sparkling eyes of jet,
And its fur as soft and sleek
As a baby brother's cheek,
And its tiny, tender feet,
And its whiskers all complete.
Little rabbit, come with me,
And my darling you shall be!

See, it moves its silken ears,—
Oh! I wonder if it hears!—
And it tries to get away;
It would be, I know, at play:
In the green-wood, wild and free,
It would gambol merrily.
Little pet, don't tremble so;
If you wish it, you may go!

Though I'd rather you'd remain,
'T would be wrong to give you pain.
I'd not like, myself, to be
Kept, in petted slavery,
From my mother far away,
From my baby brother's play,
From my father kind and dear—
Go! I will not have you here

The Pet Rabbit

THE INDIAN MOTHER.

MRS. JAMESON.

THERE is a comfort in the strength of love,
Making that pang endurable, which else
Would overset the brain—or break the heart.

WORDSWORTH.

THE monuments which human art has raised to human pride or power, may decay with that power, or survive to mock that pride; but sooner or later they perish—their places know them not. In the aspect of a ruin, however imposing in itself, and however magnificent or dear the associations connected with it, there is always something sad and humiliating, reminding us how poor and how frail are the works of man, how unstable his hopes, and how limited his capacity compared to his aspirations! But when man has made to himself monuments of the works of God; when the memory of human affections, human intellect, human power is blended with the immutable features of nature, they consecrate each other, and both endure together to the end. In a

state of high civilization, man trusts to the record of brick and marble,—the pyramid, the column, the temple, the tomb;

"Then the bust
And altar rise—then sink again to dust."

In the earlier stages of society, the isolated rock —the mountain, cloud-circled—the river, rolling to its ocean home—the very stars themselves—were endued with sympathies, and constituted the first as they will be the last witnesses and records of our human destinies and feelings. The glories of the Parthenon shall fade into oblivion; but while the heights of Thermopylæ stand, and while a wave murmurs in the gulph of Salamis, a voice shall cry aloud to the universe—"Freedom and glory to those who can dare to die!—wo and everlasting infamy to him who would enthral the unconquerable spirit?" The Coliseum, with its sanguinary trophies, is crumbling to decay; but the islet of Nisidia, where Brutus parted with his Portia—the steep of Leucadia, still remain fixed as the foundations of the earth; and lasting as the round world itself shall be the memories that hover over them! As long as the waters of the Hellespont flow between Sestos and Abydos, the fame of the love that perished there shall never pass away. A traveller pursuing his weary way through an African desert—a barren, desolate, and almost boundless solitude—found a gigantic sculp-

tured head, shattered and half buried in the sand; and near it the fragment of a pedestal, on which these words might be with pain deciphered: *I am Ozymandias, King of kings; look upon my works, ye mighty ones, and despair!*" Who was Ozymandias?—where are now his works?—what bond of thought or feeling links his past with our present? The Arab with his beasts of burden, tramples unheeding over these forlorn vestiges of human art, and human grandeur. In the wildest part of the New Continent, hidden amid the depths of interminable forests, there stands a huge rock, hallowed by a tradition so recent, that a man is not yet gray-headed who was born its contemporary; but that rock, and the tale which consecrates it, shall carry down to future ages a deep lesson—a moral interest lasting in itself—however the aspect of things and the condition of people change around it. Henceforth, no man shall gaze on it with careless eye; but each shall whisper in his own bosom—"What is stronger than love in a mother's heart?—what more fearful than power wielded by ignorance?—or what more lamentable than the abuse of a beneficent name to purposes of selfish cruelty?"

Those vast regions which occupy the central part of South America, stretching from Guinea to the foot of the Andes, overspread with gigantic and primeval forests, and watered by mighty rivers—those solitary wilds where man appears unessential

in the scale of creation, and the traces of his power are few and far between—have lately occupied much of the attention of Europeans; partly from the extraordinary and unexpected events which have convulsed the nations around them; and partly from the researches of enterprising travellers, who have penetrated into their remotest districts. But, till within the last twenty years, these wild regions have been unknown except through the means of the Spanish and Portuguese priests, settled as missionaries along the banks of the Orinoco and the Paraguay. The men thus devoted to utter banishment from all intercourse with civilized life, are generally Franciscan or Capuchin friars, born in the Spanish colonies. Their pious duties are sometimes voluntary, and sometimes imposed by the superiors of their order; in either case, their destiny appears at first view deplorable, and their self-sacrifice sublime; yet, when we recollect that these poor monks generally exchanged the monotonous solitude of the cloister for the magnificent loneliness of the boundless woods and far-spreading savannahs, the sacrifice appears less terrible; even when accompanied by suffering, privation, and occasionally by danger. When these men combine with their religious zeal, some degree of understanding and benevolence, they have been enabled to enlarge the sphere of knowledge and civilization, by exploring the productions and geography of these unknown regions; and by

collecting into villages and humanizing the manners of the native tribes, who seem strangely to unite the fiercest and most abhorred traits of savage life, with some of the gentlest instincts of our common nature. But when it has happened that these priests have been men of narrow minds and tyrannical tempers, they have on some occasions fearfully abused the authority entrusted to them; and being removed many thousand miles from the European settlements and the restraint of the laws, the power they have exercised has been as far beyond control, as the calamities they have caused have been beyond all remedy and all relief.

Unfortunately for those who were trusted to his charge, Father Gomez was a missionary of this character. He was a Franciscan friar of the order of Observance, and he dwelt in the village of San Fernando, near the source of the Orinoco, whence his authority extended as president over several missions in the neighborhood of which San Fernando was the capital. The temper of this man was naturally cruel and despotic; he was wholly uneducated, and had no idea, no feeling, of the true spirit of christian benevolence; in this respect, the savages whom he had been sent to instruct and civilize were in reality less savage and less ignorant than himself.

Among the passions and vices which father Gomez had brought from his cell in the convent of Angostora, to spread contamination and oppression through

his new domain, were pride and avarice; and both were interested in increasing the number of his converts, or rather of his slaves. In spite of the wise and humane law of Charles the Third, prohibiting the conversion of the Indian natives by force, Gomez, like others of his brethren in the more distant missions, often accomplished his purpose by direct violence. He was accustomed to go, with a party of his people, and lie in wait near the hordes of unreclaimed Indians: when the men were absent he would forcibly seize on the women and children, bind them, and bring them off in triumph to his village. There, being baptized and taught to make the sign of the cross, they were called christians, but in reality were slaves. In general, the women thus detained, pined away and died; but the children became accustomed to their new mode of life, forgot their woods, and paid to their christian master a blind and willing obedience. Thus in time they became the oppressors of their own people.

Father Gomer called these incursions, "*la conquesta espiritual*,"—the conquest of souls.

One day he set off on an expedition of this nature, attended by twelve armed Indians; and after rowing some leagues up the river Guaviare, which flows into the Orinoco, they perceived through an opening in the trees, and at a little distance from the shore, an Indian hut. It is the custom of these people to live isolated in families; and so strong is their pas-

sion for solitude, that when collected into villages, they frequently build themselves a little cabin at a distance from their usual residence, and retire to it at certain seasons for days together. The cabin of which I speak was one of these solitary *villas*—if I may so apply the word. It was constructed with peculiar neatness, thatched with palm leaves, and overshadowed with cocoa trees and laurels; it stood alone in the wilderness, embowered in luxuriant vegetation, and looked like the chosen abode of simple and quiet happiness. Within this hut a young Indian woman (whom I shall call Guahiba, from the name of her tribe) was busied in making cakes of the cassava root, and preparing the family meal, against the return of her husband, who was fishing at some distance up the river: her eldest child, about five or six years old, assisted her; and from time to time, while thus employed, the mother turned her eyes beaming with fond affection, upon the playful gambols of two little infants, who, being just able to crawl alone, were rolling together on the ground, laughing and crowing with all their might.

Their food being nearly prepared, the Indian woman looked towards the river, impatient for the return of her husband. But her bright dark eyes, swimming with eagerness and affectionate solicitude, became fixed, and glazed with terror, when, instead of him she so fondly expected, she beheld the attendants of father Gomez, stealing stealthily along the side

of the thicket towards her cabin. Instantly aware of her danger (for the nature and object of these incursions were the dread of all the country round) she uttered a piercing shriek, snatched up her infants in her arms, and, calling on the other to follow, rushed from the hut towards the forest. As she had considerably the start of her pursuers, she would probably have escaped, and have hidden herself effectually in its tangled depths, if her precious burthen had not impeded her flight; but thus encumbered she was easily overtaken. Her eldest child, fleet of foot and wily as the young jaguar, escaped to carry to the wretched father the news of his bereavement, and neither father nor child were ever more beheld in their former haunts.

Meantime, the Indians seized upon Guahiba—bound her, tied her two children together, and dragged her down to the river, where father Gomez was sitting in his canoe, waiting the issue of the expedition. At the sight of the captives his eyes sparkled with cruel triumph; he thanked his patron saint that three more souls were added to his community; and then, heedless of the tears of the mother, and the cries of her children, he commanded his followers to row back with all speed to San Fernando.

There Guahiba and her infants were placed in a hut under the guard of two Indians; some food was given to her, which she at first refused, but afterward, as if on reflection, accepted. A young Indian

girl was then sent to her—a captive convert of her own tribe, who had not yet quite forgotten her native language. She tried to make Guahiba comprehend, that in this village she and her children must remain during the rest of their lives, in order that they might go to heaven after they were dead. Guahiba listened, but understood nothing of what was addressed to her; nor could she be made to conceive for what purpose she was torn from her husband and her home, nor why she was to dwell for the remainder of her life among a strange people, and against her will. During that night she remained tranquil, watching over her infants as they slumbered by her side; but the moment the dawn appeared she took them in her arms and ran off to the woods. She was immediately brought back; but no sooner were the eyes of her keepers turned from her than she snatched up her children and again fled; again—and again. At every new attempt she was punished with more and more severity; she was kept from food, and at length repeatedly and cruelly beaten. In vain!—apparently she did not even understand why she was thus treated; and one instinctive idea alone, the desire of escape, seemed to possess her mind and govern all her movements. If her oppressors only turned from her, or looked another way, for an instant, she invariably caught up her children and ran off towards the forest. Father Gomez was at length wearied with what he termed her "blind

obstinacy;" and, as the only means of securing all three, he took measures to separate the mother from her children, and resolved to convey Guahiba to a distant mission, whence she should never find her way back either to them or to her home.

In pursuance of this plan, poor Guahiba, with her hands tied behind her, was placed in the bow of a canoe. Father Gomez seated himself at the helm, and they rowed away.

The few travellers who have visited these regions agree in describing a phenomenon, the cause of which is still a mystery to geologists, and which imparts to the lonely depths of these unappropriated and unviolated shades, an effect intensely and indescribably mournful. The granite rocks which border the river, and extend far into the contiguous woods, assume strange, fantastic shapes; and are covered with a black incrustation, or deposit, which contrasted with the snow-white foam of the waves breaking on them below, and the pale lichens which spring from their crevices and creep along their surface above, give these shores an aspect perfectly funereal. Between these melancholy rocks—so high and so steep that a landing-place seldom occurred for leagues together—the canoe of Father Gomez slowly glided, though urged against the stream by eight robust Indians.

The unhappy Guahiba sat at first perfectly unmoved, and apparently amazed and stunned at her

situation; she did not comprehend what they were going to do with her; but after a while she looked up towards the sun, and down towards the stream, and perceiving by the direction of one and the course of the other, that every stroke of the oar carried her farther and farther from her beloved and helpless children, her husband, and her native home, her countenance was seen to change and assume a fearful expression. As the possibility of escape, in her present situation, had never once occurred to her captors, she had been very slightly and carelessly bound. She watched her opportunity, burst the withes on her arms, with a sudden effort flung herself overboard, and dived under the waves; but in another moment she rose again at a considerable distance, and swam to the shore. The current being rapid and strong, carried her down to the base of a large granite rock which projected into the stream; she climbed it with fearless agility, stood for an instant on its summit, looking down upon her tyrants, then plunged into the forest and was lost to sight.

Father Gomez, beholding his victim thus unexpectedly escape him, sat mute and thunder-struck for some moments, unable to give utterance to the extremity of his rage and astonishment. When at length he found voice, he commanded his Indians to pull with all their might to the shore; then to pursue the poor fugitive, and bring her back to him dead or alive.

Guahiba meantime, while strength remained to break her way through the tangled wilderness, continued her flight; but soon, exhausted and breathless with the violence of her exertions, she was obliged to relax in her efforts, and at length sank down at the foot of a huge laurel tree, where she concealed herself as well she might, among the long, interwoven grass. There, crouching, and trembling in her lair, she heard the voices of her pursuers hallooing to each other through the thicket. She would probably have escaped but for a large mastiff which the Indians had with them, and which scented her out in her hiding-place. The moment she heard the dreaded animal snuffing in the air, and tearing his way through the grass, she knew she was lost. The Indians came up. She attempted no vain resistance; but with a sullen passiveness, suffered herself to be seized and dragged to the shore.

When the merciless priest beheld her, he determined to inflict on her such discipline as he thought would banish her children for ever from her memory, and cure her for ever of her passion for escaping. He ordered her to be stretched upon that granite rock where she had landed from the canoe, on the summit of which she had stood as if exulting in her flight,—The Rock of the Mother, as it has ever since been denominated—and there flogged till she could scarcely move or speak. She was then

bound more securely, placed in the canoe, and carried to Javita, the seat of a mission far up the river.

It was near sunset when they arrived at the village, and the inhabitants were preparing to go to rest. Guahiba was deposited for the night in a large, barn-like building, which served as a place of worship, a public magazine, and occasionally a barrack. Father Gomez ordered two or three Indians of Javita to keep guard over her alternately, relieving each other through the night; and then went to repose himself after the fatigues of his voyage. As the wretched captive neither resisted nor complained, Father Gomez flattered himself that she was now reduced to submission. Little could he fathom the bosom of this fond mother! He mistook for stupor, or resignation, the calmness of a fixed resolve. In absence, in bonds, and in torture, her heart throbbed with but one feeling; one thought alone possessed her whole soul:—her children—her children—and still her children!

Among the Indians appointed to watch her was a youth about eighteen or nineteen years of age, who, perceiving that her arms were miserably bruised by the stripes she had received, and that she suffered the most acute agony from the savage tightness with which the cords were drawn, let fall an exclamation of pity, in the language of her tribe. Quick she seized the moment of feeling, and addressed him as one of her people.

"Guahiba," she said, in a whispered tone, "thou speakest my language, and doubtless thou art my brother! Wilt thou see me perish without pity, O son of my people? Ah! cut these bonds which enter into my flesh! I faint with pain! I die!"

The young man heard, and as if terrified, removed a few paces from her and kept silence. Afterward, when his companions were out of sight, and he was left alone to watch, he approached, and said, "Guahiba!—our fathers were the same, and I may not see thee die; but if I cut these bonds, white man will flog me:—wilt thou be content if I loosen them and give thee ease?" And as he spoke he stooped and loosened the thongs on her wrists and arms. She smiled upon him languidly and appeared satisfied.

Night was now coming on. Guahiba dropped her head upon her bosom, and closed her eyes, as if exhausted by weariness. The young Indian, believing that she slept, after some hesitation laid himself down on his mat. His companions were already slumbering in the porch of the building, and all was still.

Then Guahiba raised her head. It was night—dark night—without moon or star. There was no sound, except the breathing of the sleepers around her, and the humming of the mosquitoes. She listened for some time with her whole soul; but all was silence. She then gnawed the loosened thongs asunder with her teeth. Her hands once free, she releas-

ed her feet; and when the morning came she had disappeared. Search was made for her in every direction, but in vain; and father Gomez, baffled and wrathful, returned to his village.

The distance between Javita and San Fernando, where Guahiba had left her infants, is twenty-five leagues in a straight line. A fearful wilderness of gigantic forest trees, and intermingling under-wood, separated these two missions;—a savage and awful solitude, which, probably, since the beginning of the world, had never been trodden by human foot. All communication was carried on by the river; and there lived not a man, whether Indian or European, bold enough to have attempted the route along the shore. It was the commencement of the rainy season. The sky, obscured by clouds, seldom revealed the sun by day; and neither moon nor gleam of twinkling star by night. The rivers were overflowed and the lowlands were inundated. There was no visible object to direct the traveller; no shelter, no defence, no aid, no guide. Was it Providence—was it the strong instinct of maternal love, which led this courageous woman through the depths of the pathless woods—where rivulets, swollen to torrents by the rains, intercepted her at every step; where the thorny briars, twining from tree to tree, opposed an almost impenetrable barrier; where the mosquitoes hung in clouds upon her path; where the jaguar and the alligator lurked to devour her; where the

rattlesnake and the water-serpent lay coiled up in the damp grass ready to spring at her; where she had no food to support her exhausted frame, but a few berries, and the large black ants, which build their nests on the trees? How directed, how sustained—cannot be told: the poor woman herself could not tell. All that can be known with any certainty is, that the fourth rising sun beheld her at San Fernando; a wild, and wasted, and fearful object; her feet swelled and bleeding—her hands torn—her body covered with wounds, and emaciated with famine and fatigue; but once more near her children!

For several hours she hovered around the hut in which she had left them, gazing on it from a distance with longing eyes and a sick heart, without daring to advance: at length she perceived that all the inhabitants had quitted their cottages to attend vespers; then she stole from the thicket, and approached, with faint and timid steps, the spot which contained her heart's treasures. She entered, and found her infants left alone, and playing together on a mat: they screamed at her appearance, so changed was she by suffering: but when she called them by name they knew her tender voice, and stretched out their little arms towards her. In that moment, the mother forgot all she had endured—all her anguish—all her fears, every thing on earth but the objects which blessed her eyes. She sat down between her

children,—she took them on her knees—she clasped them in an agony of fondness to her bosom—she covered them with kisses—she shed torrents of tears on their little heads, as she hugged them to her. Suddenly she remembered where she was, and why she was there; new terrors seized her; she rose up hastily, and, with her babies in her arms, she staggered out of the cabin—fainting, stumbling, and almost blind with loss of blood and inanition. She tried to reach the woods, but too feeble to sustain her burthen, which yet she would not relinquish, her limbs trembled and sank beneath her. At this moment an Indian who was watching the public oven, perceived her. He gave the alarm by ringing a bell, and the people rushed forth, gathering round Guahiba with fright and astonishment. They gazed upon her as if upon an apparition, till her sobs, and imploring looks, and trembling and wounded limbs, convinced them that she yet lived, though apparently nigh to death. They looked upon her in silence, and then at each other; their savage bosoms were touched with commiseration for her sad plight, and with admiration, and even awe, at this unexampled heroism of maternal love.

While they hesitated, and none seemed willing to seize her, or to take her children from her, Father Gomez, who had just landed on his return from Javita, approached in haste, and commanded them to be separated. Guahiba clasped her chil-

dren closer to her breast, and the Indians shrunk back.

"What!" thundered the monk; "will ye suffer this woman to steal two precious souls from heaven? two members from our community? See ye not, that while she is suffered to approach them, there is no salvation for either mother or children? part them instantly!"

The Indians, accustomed to his ascendency, and terrified at his voice, tore the children of Guahiba once more from her feeble arms: she uttered nor word nor cry, but sank in a swoon upon the earth.

While in this state, Father Gomez, with a cruel mercy, ordered her wounds to be carefully dressed; her arms and legs were swathed with cotton bandages; she was then placed in a canoe, and conveyed to a mission far, far off, on the river Esmeralda, beyond the upper Orinoco. She continued in a state of exhaustion and torpor during the voyage; but after being taken out of the boat and carried inland, restoratives brought her back to life, and to a sense of her situation. When she perceived, as reason and consciousness returned, that she was in a strange place, unknowing how she was brought there—among a tribe who spoke a language different from any she had ever heard before, and from whom, therefore, according to Indian prejudices, she could hope nor aid, nor pity;—when she recollected that she was far from her beloved children;

—when she saw no means of discovering the bearing or the distance of their abode—no clue to guide her back to it—*then*, and only then did the mother's heart yield to utter despair; and thenceforward refusing to speak or to move, and obstinately rejecting all nourishment, thus she died.

The boatmen on the river Atabapo, suspends his oar with a sigh, as he passes THE ROCK OF THE MOTHER. He points it out to the traveller, and weeps as he relates the tale of her sufferings and her fate. Ages hence, when these solitary regions have become the seats of civilization, of power, and intelligence; when the pathless wilds, which poor Guahiba travelled in her anguish, are replaced by populous cities, and smiling gardens, and pastures, and waving harvests,—still that dark rock shall stand, frowning over the stream; tradition and history shall preserve its name and fame, and when even the pyramids, those vast, vain monuments to human pride, have passed away, it shall endure, to carry down to the end of the world the memory of the Indian Mother.

BLAISE PASCAL.

BLAISE PASCAL was a native of France, and lived early in the seventeenth century. From his childhood, he was fond of the study of mathematics, in which he distinguished himself. He was also distinguished for the excellence of his character, and the purity of his life.

He was extremely charitable, and denied himself the comforts, and even the necessaries of life, that he might minister more abundantly to the wants of the poor. He always preserved the utmost purity of mind and manners, and would never allow the pleasures of the table to be exalted in his presence, remarking that food was simply intended to satisfy the appetite, and nourish the body, and not to pamper the senses. He gave alms to an extent that appeared like folly to his acquaintances, and one of them reproved him upon his imprudent expenditure. Pascal smiled, and quietly replied, "I have often remarked, that however poor a man may be when dying, he always leaves something behind him."

One day, as he was returning from church, he

was accosted by a young and beautiful peasant girl, who begged for a few *sous*. Pascal stopped, touched at the danger to which her unprotected condition exposed her in Paris. He inquired into her history. "My father," said she, "was a mason, and lived some leagues from the city. A short time since, he fell from a scaffold and was killed on the spot, leaving my mother and I alone and friendless in the world. We managed for a time to support ourselves, till my mother's health failed; and after struggling in vain against her illness, she this morning entered the hospital, where, though I can visit her, I am not allowed to live. So that to avoid starvation, I am forced to beg."

"My poor child," said Pascal, "yours is a hard lot, I will try what can be done for you."

He immediately conducted her to the house of a venerable ecclesiastic, to whom, without making himself known, he gave a sum of money sufficient for her food and clothing, promising to send the next day, a charitable lady to take charge of her. That was Madame Perrier, his sister, who entered warmly into her brother's feelings, and took care of the grateful young girl, until a respectable situation was provided for her. Who can describe the feelings of the poor sick mother, when she heard of the kindness that had been shown to her child! She longed to bless her benefactor, who had saved her child from misery—perhaps from ruin. Yet Pascal

would not suffer his name to be disclosed, and it was not known until after his death, that he performed this good action.

The life of Blaise Pascal drew near its termination. A deep shade of gloom and despondency arising from physical causes often clouded his mind. But his sufferings were soothed by the fond attentions of his sister. She brought her family to Paris, and having taken a house near his, devoted herself to him with anxious affection. One day, while still able to walk out, he was accosted in the street by a wretched looking man, holding a little boy by the hand. His countenance showed marks of suffering, and his tale was a sad one. He had been a journeyman shoemaker, and lived happily with his wife and little ones, inhabiting a small house in the outskirts of Paris. A fire broke out one night, and his little dwelling with all it contained, was consumed. He and his family escaped with their lives; but from anxiety and exposure to cold, his wife and two children sickened and died of fever. He barely recovered from the same disease, and with his remaining child, was forced to beg a morsel of bread.

Pascal's heart was touched by his tale; and, not satisfied with relieving his immediate wants, he took him to his own house, and desired him to make it his home until his health should be re-established, and he should be able again to procure work. Some days passed on, and Pascal became rapidly worse.

He could with difficulty leave his room, and was obliged to discontinue his accustomed walks.

His sister's fond cares were soon indispensable to his comfort. She passed every day in his chamber, ministering to his wants, and learning lessons of patience and resignation, springing from love to God and submission to His holy will. The poor shoemaker too, tried, by every means in his power, to serve his benefactor; and the pleasant laugh and winning ways of his little George, often soothed and cheered Pascal, who dearly loved children.

Pascal had an old female servant, who had lived in his house and served him faithfully for many years. One morning she entered his room before the hour when Madame Perrier usually came; and, withdrawing the curtains, she gazed sorrowfully on the wasted form and pale cheek of her master.

"How do you feel to-day, sir?"

"Not well, Cecile. I passed a sleepless night; but I had sweet thoughts which comforted me."

The servant proceeded to arrange the room, and her master said, "Where is little George, Cecile? I have not heard his merry voice this morning."

"Oh, sir, I wanted to tell you about him, but, seeing you so poorly, I did not know how to do it, for I am afraid it will disturb you."

"Speak! speak, Cecile! What has happened to the child?"

"Oh, nothing, sir; but all day yesterday he was

very dull and heavy, and would not eat. His father watched with him all night, and early this morning brought the doctor to see him; and he says, the child has the small-pox; and when I asked him if he could not be removed to another house, he said it would risk his life to do so. I am sure I don't know what we are to do—for we could not endanger Madame Perrier and her children for the sake of a beggar's brat."

Pascal thought a moment. "No, Cecile," he said; "their health must not be risked, neither must little George be removed. I will go to my sister's. I know her rooms are all occupied, but I am sure she will spare a small one, good enough for me during the short time that I shall want it."

Madame Perrier soon came, and the arrangement was made according to his wishes. After providing amply for the comfort of the sick boy and his father, he left his quiet house and airy apartment—never to return again. With much pain and exhaustion he was carried to his sister's house. There, on the nineteenth of August, 1662, the gentle and pure spirit of Blaise Pascal returned to Him who gave it, leaving to the world a name which will live as the representative of great talents, united to self-denying benevolence and ardent piety.

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THE DUENNA.

BY JAS. H. DANA.

THERE was not a more beautiful creature, in all Seville, than Donna Inez Dolores, who, as if to belie her name, was also the most mirthful of her sex. Her mother had long been dead, so that her father alone remained to take care of her. But he, aware that handsome gallants are the plague of parents with lovely daughters, and being withal of an indolent disposition, took the wise policy of securing for the Donna Inez a renowned duenna, with a visage so sour, and an eye so keen to detect a lover, that all Seville conceded no cavalier could ever hope to find access to any body committed to her charge.

For a long time the result seemed to verify this popular opinion. The Donna Inez went to mass and returned from it, attended by this inflexible old duenna, yet not a solitary gallant had yet been able to speak to the fair girl, though a hundred were dying for the opportunity. Once, indeed, a daring gay cavalier had made his way beneath the window of the Donna Inez, guitar in hand, when the lynx-eyed duenna, midnight as it was, spied him out, and if he had not taken to his heels, considering discretion the

better part of valor, he would have been captured by the servants and handed over to the alguagil. It is doubtful whether the duenna ever slept. She was always awake when her beauteous charge retired to slumber; and the first object the Donna Inez beheld, in the morning, was the old dragon prowling about her couch.

The meekest young lady in Christendom would have tired of this in time, much more so mercurial and wilful a one as this lovely creature. The Donna Inez had never yet cared for a lover, and perhaps, if left alone, would have been equally indifferent for a long period to come; but this constant watch kept upon her movements, this incessant evidence of the suspicion with which she was regarded, roused all that was contradictory in her woman's nature, so that she determined to have a lover, on the first opportunity that should present. She was not long in obtaining her wish. The very day after having arrived at this sagacious resolution, a cavalier, as she entered the cathedral, stepped up and offered her the holy water. Their eyes met. The Donna Inez thought she had never beheld so handsome a pair of eyes before; and, truth to say, the gallant entertained precisely the same opinion as to hers. She blushed, and he bowed; and from that chance meeting began an acquaintance, which brought more trouble to the old duenna than a whole legion of stalwart Moors would have caused the noble Cid Campeador.

The cavalier, after this, was always at the cathedral door when Donna Inez went to mass, and generally succeeded, notwithstanding the manœuvres of the watchful duenna, in offering the beauteous girl the holy water. I wish it was possible to describe the sour looks, with which the duenna regarded this persevering gallant: suffice it to say, they were so intensely acid, that, if the cavalier had not been the most amiable of men, he would have been transformed into a crabbed, crusty curmudgeon by the incessant magnetism of those glances. But to all the cross old dragon's frowns he only smiled in reply. His genial return, however, had as little effect on her, as her repellant scowl on him: indeed, the sun of Timbuctoo, which is proverbially the hottest of known suns, could not have melted one solitary line of that satanic countenance.

If the cavalier had to face the angry looks of this ancient virgin, he was consoled by the sweet smile which the Donna Inez frequently bestowed on him. For though the duenna duly scolded the beauteous girl for every such manifestation, the latter had too much toleration for handsome gallants in general, and for this one in particular, to care much for the objurgations of the crusty dame. Every time the Donna Inez saw the cavalier, she thought he looked nobler than before; and consequently her smile, in return for his compliment, waxed kinder and more significant. The duenna noticed this and gnashed

her teeth. She would have hurried at once to the father of her charge, and revealed the insurrection turn which the Donna Inez had taken, only she was unwilling to injure her reputation for infallibility as a duenna. This had never heretofore been called in question, though she had reigned over divers young beauties, for nearly forty years. So she changed the church at which they held mass.

The stratagem succeeded bravely for the first two days. The duenna chuckled at her victory, and walked with head more erect; but alas! for human sagacity, when the third day came, on entering the church, there stood the persevering cavalier. He stepped forward promptly, dipped his fingers in the font, handed the holy water to the Donna Inez, and then demurely looked from between his long black lashes on the discomfited duenna. She stood aghast. Her yellow countenance turns even yellower than ever; her eyes were fixed on him as on a spectre; her jaw dropped; and she trembled in mingled astonishment and anger. The cavalier could not restrain a smile. The Donna Inez too, her sacred ablution being over, catching a glance of the paralysis of her duenna, was unable, spite of the devotions in contemplation, to retain her look of gravity; but exchanged a merry and meaning glance with her lover, that did more to place them on a footing of intimacy, than all the eager play of smiles and glances that had been going on for the last fortnight.

From this period the grim duenna became more and more sour, like bad wine turning into vinegar: and her vigilance increased in proportion as her temper failed. Even the adroitness of the cavalier was now frequently at fault, and he passed days without even catching a glimpse of his beauteous mistress; for her inexorable guardian hurried her from one church to another, never visiting two in succession, and often going at an hour when not Mercury himself would have suspected it. He began to haunt the vicinity of the old Don's dwelling, but could not succeed in obtaining a single glimpse of his charmer. He hired spies to watch when the duenna and her charge went forth, but before they could summon him the birds had generally flown back to the nest. Occasionally, however, he managed in this way to intercept his mistress, when the welcome he received from her dark eyes amply repaid him for all his trouble.

He tried in vain, nevertheless, to come to speech with the lovely Inez. Could he have opened a correspondence with her, he would have been content; but it had been easier to unlock the magic spell, which holds Bobadil and his army locked up in a cave near Granada, than to have outwitted the duenna in such an important affair as this. At least, in sheer despair, he hit upon the expedient of wearing a bouquet, trusting that the language of flowers was not unknown to his beauteous mistress;

and in this he was not deceived. His little nosegay was a declaration of inviolable attachment, and his heart leaped when, on the succeeding day, he saw Donna Inez wearing a bouquet which tacitly accepted him as a suitor. The correspondence, thus begun, went rapidly forward. The grim duenna was for once at fault. She saw that her charge had taken a sudden fancy for bouquets, but she little suspected the cause. Meantime she consoled herself with the reflection that the cavalier haunted their walks less than before, and plumed herself, like all true duennas, on having effectually circumvented an unusually persevering lover.

Things went on thus for more than a month, a long time, let us tell the reader, for such an affair in old Seville. But the cavalier, though he longed to ask his mistress to elope, could find no bouquet that would express his meaning. He tried one or two, but Inez evidently mistook them: the question was too complicated; and, not knowing what it meant, she could only reply that she loved him still. This would have contented the cavalier a week before, but it did not satisfy him now. He wished to have the beauteous girl away, for once, from that sour old duenna; to fold her in his arms; in short, as his wedded wife, duly blessed of Mother Church. At last, when he was about finally to despair, chance placed in his path an opportunity, for which he might have planned and watched and worked for years, had fortune been less propitious. But so it is

with us all. We labor with infinite trouble to climb for the precious peach, the last of the season, that hangs so invitingly on the topmost bough; when, perhaps, just as we are about to give up the pursuit, a wind stirs the bough, and, pop! the delicious fruit tumbles into our mouth.

One day, following Donna Inez and the duenna home from mass, though at a prudent distance, the cavalier heard a loud bellowing close by, and looking round beheld a fierce Andalusian bull, which, having escaped from its keepers, was now ranging the streets in triumph, women, children, and even men, flying in terror before it. Seeing that the enraged animal was making directly for the duenna and her charge, the lover dashed forward. He was just in time to rescue the Donna Inez, who, but for his timely interposition, would have fallen a victim to the fury of the beast. Foiled of his more beauteous prey, the bull turned towards the duenna, who paralyzed by fear, had sunk to her knees, and was repeating pater nosters without number. Another instant, and the ancient spinster would have been gored to death; but the cavalier, having safely placed Donna Inez in the shelter of a gateway, now sprang before the angry animal and diverted its attention. For one so active as the lover, it was easy to leap aside from the half blind assault of the bull; and before the attack could be renewed, the rage of the furious beast was drawn in another direction.

The cavalier, noticing that the duenna was now picking herself up, and resolute not to lose the golden opportunity which fortune had presented to him, hastened to rejoin the Donna Inez, who had not only quite recovered her spirits, but was laughing heartily at the ridiculous plight of herself, her duenna, and others. Her mirth, however, ceased when her lover approached. Conscious instinctively of his errand, she blushed to her very temples, while her bosom heaved with emotion. Her fine eyes welcomed him warmly nevertheless. The cavalier knew that there was not a moment to be wasted.

"Do you love me?" he said.

The glance of those dark orbs answered him; but, as if that was not enough, the fair lips murmured—

"You know I do, senor."

"And will you be mine?"

What the Donna Inez might have answered, we cannot undertake to say; but, at this crisis, up came the duenna, flaming with virtuous indignation and rage. The cavalier, therefore, did not wait to hear the reply of his mistress, but hurriedly whispered—

"If you will, find an occasion to slip from the duenna to-morrow, at midnight, when I will meet you at your garden-balcony. A priest will be in waiting at the nearest chapel."

But the Donna Inez, between this sudden announcement and terror of her inexorable duenna, was for an instant too bewildered to answer. The

cavalier, however, was too self-collected to allow his plans to be endangered even by this embarrassment. To give his mistress time to collect herself he hurriedly added,

"I will follow you home. If you consent, look back before you reach the door. I will find a way to divert that old dragon's attention." And with these words he departed just as the duenna hobbled up.

That venerable individual was in a towering passion. To have been in peril of life from a mad bull was sufficiently mortifying; but to be indebted for safety to the cavalier was altogether intolerable. Instead of having been propitiated by the lover's interference in her behalf, as even any other duenna would have been, this sour old virgin was tenfold more enraged than ever against the handsome don. She had bruised her ancient limbs also, which increased her spite and irritation. As there was no one else to vent her rage upon, she assailed her charge, rating Donna Inez for imaginary offences as well as real ones. But the beauteous girl paid little attention to the infuriated creature. She was thinking of the cavalier's proposal, blaming herself for not having replied to it, and fearing that she would be unable to give him the required sign without being observed by the duenna, a circumstance almost certain to produce detection. As they approached the house this last reflection tormented her inde-

scribably. She longed to look around, but dreaded the attempt. Her faculties were all alive, however, and on the look out for an opportunity.

It was not until the last moment that this opportunity presented. They had almost reached the door, and Donna Inez began to despair, when suddenly there was a shout behind, followed by cries of "the bull! the bull! the bull!" For an instant the lovely girl was herself deceived; her heart leaped into her throat, and she started a step forward. But remembering, at this juncture, that the cavalier had said he would find a way for her to give him a sign unobserved, it occurred to her that this might be a stratagem of his, and accordingly she looked around before further flight. She saw immediately that her second thought was correct. There was no bull in the whole length of the street: but her lover, wrapped in his cloak, was following them at a secure distance.

She now glanced at the duenna, as much to discover what had so miraculously stopped the spinster's objurgations, as to notice if her movements continued to be watched. Alas! for the fidelity of duennas. Alas! for the weakness of human nature. That venerable virgin was already, notwithstanding her ailments and her age, several paces in advance of Donna Inez, hobbling along as fast as her bruised and rheumatic limbs, aided by her crutch-stick, could carry her. In another instant

she entered the gateway, leaving her charge to be tossed and torn, for all she knew, by a dozen Andalusian bulls.

The spectacle was irresistible. The Donna Inez gave way to mirth again, and laughed so heartily indeed at it, for a moment, she overlooked the request of the cavalier. She had reached the gateway of her father's mansion, and the terrified duenna was entering the door ahead, when she recollected that her lover was anxiously looking for the signal; and turning her head, she nodded to him mirthfully her consent to the elopement. He answered the signal with a smile. Then, with another bright glance, to assure him that he was understood, the Donna Inez tripped after the duenna.

Two days after, before half of Seville had risen from bed, the household of Don Ferdinand Dolores was all in an uproar; for the duenna, on going to the chamber of Donna Inez, had found the couch empty, and knew that her charge was flown. She soon filled the dwelling with her shrieks, rousing the old don from his morning nap, for which he swore at her roundly until he heard the cause of her alarm, when he was too enraged to swear at any body. His daughter gone, eloped, married, and that when she had such an immaculate duenna! The old man could not believe it. If he had been told that the Moors were come back, or that the Cid was alive again, or that Gibraltar had tumbled into the

Mediterranean, he would have credited the tale sooner than that his daughter had been stolen away from under the Argus eyes of this most wonderful of duennas.

But she was gone,—there was no doubt of that,—and duenna and don were in equal dismay. Their terror, however, did not continue long. Before the sun had been many hours high, a carrier, magnificently dressed, knocked at the gateway of the mansion, and being introduced to the owner, presented him with a perfumed billet. The missive was the joint production of the Donna Inez and her new lord. It announced that the lovely runaway was now the wife of a grandee of Spain, no less a personage than the high and mighty Don John, duke of Miranda Segovia; and ended, as all such dutiful announcements should, by soliciting the pardon of the father.

It may well be supposed that the old senor did not long frown on so brilliant an alliance. In fact he forthwith forgave the offenders, and from that hour to his dying day, never passed a morning without boasting, to some one or another of his ancient cronies, that he had a duke for a son-in-law.

But it was different with the duenna. She could not even pardon a grandee of Spain for having outwitted her. Her reputation for infallibility was gone. She took the disaster seriously to heart, and after becoming properly devout, died, shortly after, in the odor of sanctity.

THE TIGER'S CAVE.

BOUT three years since, after a short residence in Mexico, I embarked for Guayaquil, in order to visit from thence the celebrated mountains of Quito On arriving at Guayaquil, I found there two travellers who were preparing to take the same route. These were Capt. Wharton, an English naval officer, and a young midshipman named Lincoln. The frigate which Wharton commanded had suffered considerably in her voyage through the South Seas; and as it was now undergoing the necessary repairs, he resolved to devote some of his leisure time to visiting the forests and mountains of Quito. It was quickly agreed that we should make the journey together. I found Wharton a frank and open-hearted man; and his young favorite, Lincoln, a youth of eighteen, had a handsome sun-burnt countenance, with an expression of determined bravery.

We set out on a fine clear morning, attended by

my huntsman, Frank, and two Indian guides. On beginning to ascend the mountain, the scenery became more enchanting at every step. The mighty Andes, like a vast amphitheatre, covered to their summits with gigantic forests, towered aloft; the snow-crested Chimborazo reared its proud front; the terrific Cotopaxi sent forth volumes of smoke and flame; and innumerable other mountains, branching from the far-spreading Cordilleras, faded away in the distance. With an involuntary shudder, I entered the narrow path that leads into the magnificent forest. The monkeys leaped from branch to branch; the parroquets chattered incessantly; and the eagles, from amidst the tall cypresses, where they had built their nests, sent down a wild cry. As we advanced, new objects presented themselves on every side; the stately palms, with their broad sword-like leaves; the singular soap-tree; the splendid magnolia; the tall wax-tree, and the ever-green oak, reared themselves proudly over the orange-groves, with whose fragrance was blended the aromatic perfume of the vanilla.

Towards evening our guides began to quicken their pace, and we hastened after them. In a short time they uttered a shout of joy, of which we quickly discovered the cause. By the light of a large fire, which was kindled in an open space of the forest, we descried a little Indian village, consisting of several huts erected on the trunks of trees, and to which

were appended ladders of reeds. The Indian who was employed in replenishing the fire, answered the cry of our guides in a similar tone; and after a short conference, we were conducted into one of the huts, where we passed the night.

Early in the morning we again resumed our way through the shade of the deep forest, and in due time stopped to enjoy a repast under a broad-leaved palm. Suddenly one of the Indians motioned us to be silent, and bending his ear to the ground, appeared to be listening to some sound, which, however, was unheard by us. We paused, and attentively watched his motions. In a few minutes he arose, and beckoned us to follow him into the forest; he stopped often, and laid his ear to the ground, and shortly after we heard a female voice shrieking for help. We hurried on, with difficulty restraining our young midshipman from advancing before the rest of the party, and had proceeded but a short way, when the shriek was repeated close beside us. We stopped on a motion from our guides, who parting gently the intervening boughs, gave to view a scene which caused us hastily to grasp our arms.

In an open space blazed a large fire, round which were seated several men in tattered uniforms. They were armed, and appeared to be holding a consultation regarding a beautiful Indian girl, who was bound with cords to a tree. The Indians prepared their bows and arrows, but we beckoned them to desist

until we gave the signal of attack. On the termination of the conference, one of the men approached the girl, and said—"So you will not conduct us to your village?"

"No," answered the young girl, firmly, but sobbing.

"Good child!" he replied with a scornful laugh, "so you will not be persuaded to lead us to your hut?"

"No," she again replied.

"We shall see how long the bird will sing to this tune."

And with these words the ruffian snatched a brand from the fire, and was again approaching her. We hastened to get ready our guns; but the impetuosity of Lincoln could not be restrained, and casting his gun from him, he sprung forward just as the brand had touched the shoulder of the girl, and struck the villain lifeless to the earth. At the same instant, the Indian arrows whizzed through the air, and wounded two of the others, but not, as it appeared, dangerously, for they fled with their terrified comrades.

Our midshipman meanwhile had unbound the girl, who, the instant she was free, knelt before him and poured out her gratitude in the most impassioned language. We learned that her name was Yanna, and that her parents dwelt in one of the villages in the deepest recesses of the forest—that she had left her home early in the morning to gather cocoa, and that having strayed too far, she had suddenly found her-

self surrounded by the ruffians from whom we had just rescued her, and who had endeavored by threats and violence, to force her to guide them to the village. We could not withstand her entreaties to accompany her home. There we were quickly surrounded by the Indians whom we found to possess an almost European fairness of complexion. Yanna immediately ran up to her parents, who were the chiefs of the tribe, and spoke to them with animation, using all the while the most impressive gestures.

As soon as she had finished her narrative, her parents hastened forward, and kneeling before us, kissed our hands with expressions of the deepest gratitude; and the whole of the tribe knelt along with them, pouring forth mingled thanks and blessings. Then, on a sudden, they started up, and seizing us, they bore us in triumph to the hut of the chief, where we were treated with the utmost hospitality. Wharton smiled, as he remarked to me that our young midshipman and Yanna had disappeared together. Shortly after, Yanna returned, holding Lincoln with one hand, and carrying in the other a chaplet of flowers, which she immediately placed on his head. On the following morning we again set out, and as we parted, the beautiful eyes of Yanna were filled with tears.

On leaving the village, we continued to wind round Chimborazo's wide base; but its snowy head no longer shone above us in clear brilliancy, for a

dense fog was gradually gathering round it. Our guides looked anxiously towards it, and announced their apprehensions of a violent storm. We soon found that their fears were well founded. The fog rapidly covered and obscured the whole of the mountain: the atmosphere was suffocating, and yet so humid, that the steel work of our watches was covered with rust, so that they stopped. The river beside which we were travelling, rushed down with still greater impetuosity; and from the clefts of the rocks which lay on the left of our path, were suddenly precipitated small rivulets that bore the roots of trees, and innumerable serpents along with them. These rivulets often came down so suddenly and so violently, that we had great difficulty in preserving our footing. The thunder at length began to roll, and resounded through the mountain passes. Then came the lightning, flash following flash—above, around, beneath,—everywhere a sheet of fire. We sought a temporary shelter in a cleft of rocks, while one of our guides hastened forward to seek a more secure asylum. In a short time he returned; he had discovered a spacious cavern. We proceeded thither immediately, and with great difficulty and not a little danger, at last got into it.

The noise and raging of the storm continued with so much violence, that we could not hear the sound of our voices. I had placed myself near the entrance of the cave, and could observe, through the

opening, which was straight and narrow, the singular scene without. The highest cedar trees were struck down, or bent like reeds; monkeys and parrots lay strewed upon the ground, killed by the falling branches; the water had collected in the path we had just passed, and hurried along it like a mountain stream. When the storm had somewhat abated, our guides ventured out in order to ascertain if it were possible to continue our journey.

The cave in which we had taken refuge was so extremely dark, that, if we moved a few paces from the entrance, we could not see an inch before us; and we were debating as to the propriety of leaving it even before the Indians came back, when we suddenly heard a singular groaning or growling in the farther end of the cavern, which instantly fixed all our attention. Wharton and myself listened anxiously; but our daring and inconsiderate young friend, Lincoln, together with my huntsman, crept about upon their hands and knees, and endeavored to discover, by groping, from whence the sound proceeded. They had not advanced far into the cavern before we heard them utter an exclamation of surprise; and they returned to us, each carrying in his arms an animal singularly marked, and about the size of a cat, seemingly of great strength and power. Wharton had scarcely glanced at them, when he exclaimed in consternation, "Good God! we have come into a den ——.

He was interrupted by a fearful cry of dismay from our guides, who came rushing precipitately towards us crying out, "A tiger!" and at the same time, with extraordinary rapidity, they climbed up a cedar tree, which stood at the entrance of the cave, and hid themselves among the branches.

After the first sensation of horror and surprise, which rendered me motionless, had subsided, I grasped my fire arms. Wharton had already regained his composure and self-possession; and he called upon us to assist him instantly in blocking up the mouth of the cave with an immense stone which fortunately lay near it. The sense of approaching danger augmented our strength; for we now distinctly heard the growl of the ferocious animal, and we were lost beyond redemption, if it reached the entrance before we could get it closed. Ere this was done, we could distinctly see the tiger bounding towards the spot, and stooping in order to creep into his den, by the narrow opening.

At this fearful moment our exertions were successful, and the great stone kept the wild beast at bay. There was a small open space, however, left between the top of the entrance and the stone, through which we could see the head of the animal, illuminated by its glowing eyes, which it rolled glaring with fury upon us. Its frightful roaring, too, penetrated to the depths of the cavern, and was answered by the hoarse growling of the cubs, which

Lincoln and Frank had now tossed from them. Our ferocious enemy first attempted to remove the stone with his powerful claws, and to push it from its place with his head; but these useless efforts served only to increase his wrath. He uttered a frightful howl, and his flaming eyes darted light into the darkness of our retreat.

"Now is the time to fire at him!" said Wharton, with his usual calmness; "aim at his eyes; the ball will go through his brain, and we shall then have a chance to get rid of him."

Frank seized his double-barrelled gun, and Lincoln his pistols. The former placed the muzzle within a few inches of the tiger, and Lincoln did the same. At Wharton's command, they both drew the triggers at the same moment; but no shot followed. The tiger, who seemed aware that the flash indicated an attack upon him, sprang, growling from the entrance; but feeling himself unhurt, immediately turned back again, and stationed himself in the former place. The powder in both pieces was wet; they therefore proceeded to draw the useless loading, whilst Wharton and myself hastened to seek our powder-flask. It was so extremely dark that we were obliged to grope about the cave; and at last, coming in contact with the cubs, we heard a rustling noise, as if they were playing with some metal substance, which we soon discovered, was the cannister we were looking for. Most unfortunately,

however, the animals had pushed off the lid with their claws, and the powder had been strewed over the damp earth, and rendered entirely useless. This discovery excited the greatest consternation.

"All is over now," said Wharton; "we have only to choose whether we shall die of hunger, or open the entrance to the blood-thirsty monster without, and so make a quicker end of the matter."

So saying, he placed himself close behind the stone which for a moment defended us, and looked undauntedly upon the lightning eyes of the tiger. Lincoln raved, and Frank took a piece of strong cord from his pocket, and hastened to the farther end of the cave, I knew not with what design. We soon, however, heard a low, stifled groaning; and the tiger, who heard it also, became more restless and disturbed than ever. He went backwards and forwards before the entrance of the cave, in the most wild and impetuous manner, then stood still, and stretching out his neck in the direction of the forest, broke forth into a deafening howl. Our two Indian guides took advantage of this opportunity, to discharge several arrows from the tree. He was struck more than once; but the light weapons bounded back harmless from his skin. At length, however, one of them struck him near the eye, and the arrow remained sticking near the wound. He now broke anew into the wildest fury, sprang at the tree and tore it with his claws. But having, at

length, succeeded in getting rid of the arrow, he became more calm, and laid himself down as before in front of the cave.

Frank now returned from the lower end of the den, and a glance showed us what he had been doing. He had strangled the two cubs; and before we were aware of his intention, had thrown them through the opening to the tiger. No sooner did the animal perceive them, than he gazed earnestly upon them, and began to examine them closely, turning them cautiously from side to side. As soon as he became aware that they were dead, he uttered so piercing a howl of sorrow, that we were obliged to put our hands to our ears.

When I censured my huntsman for the rashness and cruelty of the action, I perceived by his blunt and abrupt answers, that he also had lost all hope of rescue, and with it all sense of the ties between master and servant.

The thunder had now ceased, and the storm had sunk to a gentle gale; we could hear the songs of the birds in the neighboring forest, and the sun was streaming among the branches. The contrast only made our situation the more horrible. The tiger had laid himself down beside his whelps. He was a beautiful animal, of great size and strength, and his limbs being stretched out at their full length, displayed his immense power of muscle. All at once another roar was heard at a distance, and the

tiger immediately rose and answered it with a mournful howl. At the same instant, our Indians uttered a shriek, which announced that some new danger threatened us. A few moments confirmed our worst fears, for another tiger, not quite so large as the former, came rapidly towards the spot where we were.

"This enemy will prove more cruel than the other," said Wharton; "for this is the female, and she knows no pity for those who deprive her of her young."

The howls which the tigress gave when she had examined the bodies of her cubs, surpassed every conception of the horrible that can be formed; and the tiger mingled his mournful cries with hers. Suddenly her roaring was lowered to a hoarse growling, and we saw her anxiously stretch out her head, extend her nostrils, and look around as if in search of the murderers of her young. Her eyes quickly fell upon us, and she made a spring forward with the intention of penetrating to our place of safety. Perhaps she might have been enabled, by her immense strength, to push away the stone, had we not with all our united power held it against her. When she found that all her efforts were fruitless, she approached the tiger, who lay stretched out beside his cubs, and he rose and joined in her hollow roaring. They stood together for a few moments as if in consultation, and then suddenly went off at a rapid pace,

and disappeared from our sight. Their howling died away in the distance, and then entirely ceased. We now began to entertain better hopes of our condition; but Wharton shook his head, and said—

"Do not flatter yourselves with the belief that these animals will let us escape out of their sight till they have had their revenge. The hours we have to live are numbered."

Nevertheless, there still appeared a chance of our rescue; for, to our surprise, we saw both our Indian guides standing before the entrance, and heard them call to us to seize the only possibility of flight, for the tigers had gone round the height possibly to seek another inlet to the cave. In the greatest haste the stone was pushed aside, and we stepped forth from what we had considered a living grave. Wharton was the last who left it; he was unwilling to lose his double-barrelled gun, and stopped to take it up; the rest of us thought only of making our escape. We now heard once more the roaring of the tigers, though at a distance; and following the example of our guides, we precipitately struck into a side path. From the number of roots and branches of trees with which the storm had strewed our path, and the slipperiness of the road, our flight was slow and difficult.

We had proceeded thus far about a quarter of an hour, when we found that our way led along the edge of a rocky cliff with innumerable fissures. We

had just entered upon it, when suddenly the Indians who were before us, uttered one of their piercing shrieks, and we immediately became aware that the tigers were in pursuit of us. Urged by despair, we rushed to one of the breaks or gulfs in our way, over which was thrown a bridge of reeds, that sprung up and down at every step, and could be trod with safety only by the light foot of the Indians. Deep in the hollow below rushed an impetuous stream, and a thousand pointed and jagged rocks threatened destruction on every side. Lincoln, my huntsman, and myself, passed the chasm in safety; but Wharton was still in the middle of the waving bridge, and endeavoring to steady himself, when both the tigers were seen to issue from the adjoining forest; and the moment they descried us, they bounded towards us with dreadful roarings. Meanwhile, Wharton had nearly gained the safe side of the gulf, and we were all clambering up the rocky cliff, except Lincoln, who remained at the reedy bridge to assist his friend to step upon the firm ground.

Wharton, though the ferocious animals were close upon him, never lost his courage or presence of mind. As soon as he had gained the edge of the cliff he knelt down, and with his sword divided the fastenings by which the bridge was attached to the rock. He expected that an effectual barrier would thus be put to the further progress of our pursuers; but he was mistaken; for he had scarcely accom-

plished his task, when the tigress, without a moment's pause, rushed towards the chasm, and attempted to bound over it. It was a fearful sight to see the animal for a moment in the air above the abyss; but her strength was not equal to the distance. She fell into the gulf, and before she reached the bottom was torn into a thousand pieces by the jagged points of the rocks. Her fate did not in the least dismay her companion—he followed her with an immense spring, and reached the opposite side, but only with his fore claws; and thus he clung to the edge of the precipice, endeavoring to gain a footing. The Indians again uttered a wild shriek, as if all hope was lost. But Wharton, who was nearest the edge of the rock, advanced courageously towards the tiger, and struck his sword into the animal's breast.

Maddened with pain, the furious beast collected all his strength, and fixing one of his hind legs upon the edge of the cliff, he seized Wharton by the thigh. The heroic man still preserved his fortitude; he grasped the stem of a tree with his left hand, to steady and support himself, while with his right, he wrenched and violently turned the sword that was still in the breast of the tiger. All this was the work of an instant. The Indians, Frank, and myself, hastened to his assistance; but Lincoln, who was already at his side, had seized Wharton's gun, which lay near upon the ground, and struck so powerful a

blow with the butt end upon the head of the tiger, that the animal, stunned and overpowered, let go his hold and fell back into the abyss. The unhappy Lincoln, however, had not calculated upon the force of the blow; he staggered forward, reeled upon the edge of the precipice, extended his hand to seize upon anything to save himself—but in vain. For an instant he hovered over the gulf, and then fell into it to rise no more.

We gave vent to a shriek of horror—then for a few minutes there was a dead and awful silence. When we were able to revert to our own condition, I found Wharton lying insensible on the brink of the precipice. We examined his wound, and found that he was torn dreadfully. The Indians collected some herbs, the application of which stopped the bleeding, and we then bound up the mangled limb.

It was now evening, and we were obliged to resolve upon passing the night under the shelter of some cleft in the rocks. The Indians made a fire to keep the wild beasts from our couch; but no sleep visited my eyes. I sat at Wharton's bed and listened to his deep breathing. It became more and more hard and deep, and his hand grasped violently, as if in convulsive movements. His consciousness had not returned, and in this situation he passed the whole night.

In the morning, the Indians proposed to bear our wounded friend back to the village we had left the

previous day. They plaited some strong branches together, and formed a bridge to repass the gulf. It was a mournful procession. On the way, Wharton suddenly opened his eyes, but instantly closed them again, and lay as immoveable as before. Towards evening, we drew near our destination, and our Indian friends, when they saw our situation, expressed the deepest sympathy ; the whole tribe assembled round us, and uttered piercing cries of grief when they learned poor Lincoln's fate. Yanna burst into tears ; and her brothers hastened away, accompanied by some other Indians, in search of the body.

I remained with my wounded friend ; he still lay insensible to everything around him. Sleep, at length, overpowered me. Towards evening, I was aroused by a song of lamentation and mourning,—it was from the Indians who were returning with Lincoln's body. Yanna was weeping beside it. I hastened to meet them, but was glad to turn back again, when my eyes fell upon the torn and lifeless body of our young companion.

The Indians had laid him upon tigers' skins, which they had strewed with green boughs, and they now bore him to the burial-place of their tribe.

Yanna sacrificed on his tomb the most beautiful ornament she possessed—her long dark hair—an offering upon the grave of him, who, it is possible, had first awakened the feeling of tenderness in her innocent bosom.

On the third day, as I sat at Wharton's bed, he suddenly moved,—raised his head, and opening his eyes, gazed fixedly upon a corner of the room. His countenance changed in a most extraordinary manner: it was deadly pale, and seemed turning to marble. I saw that the hand of death was upon him. "All is over," he gasped out, while his looks continued fixed upon the spot; "there it stands!" and he fell back and expired.

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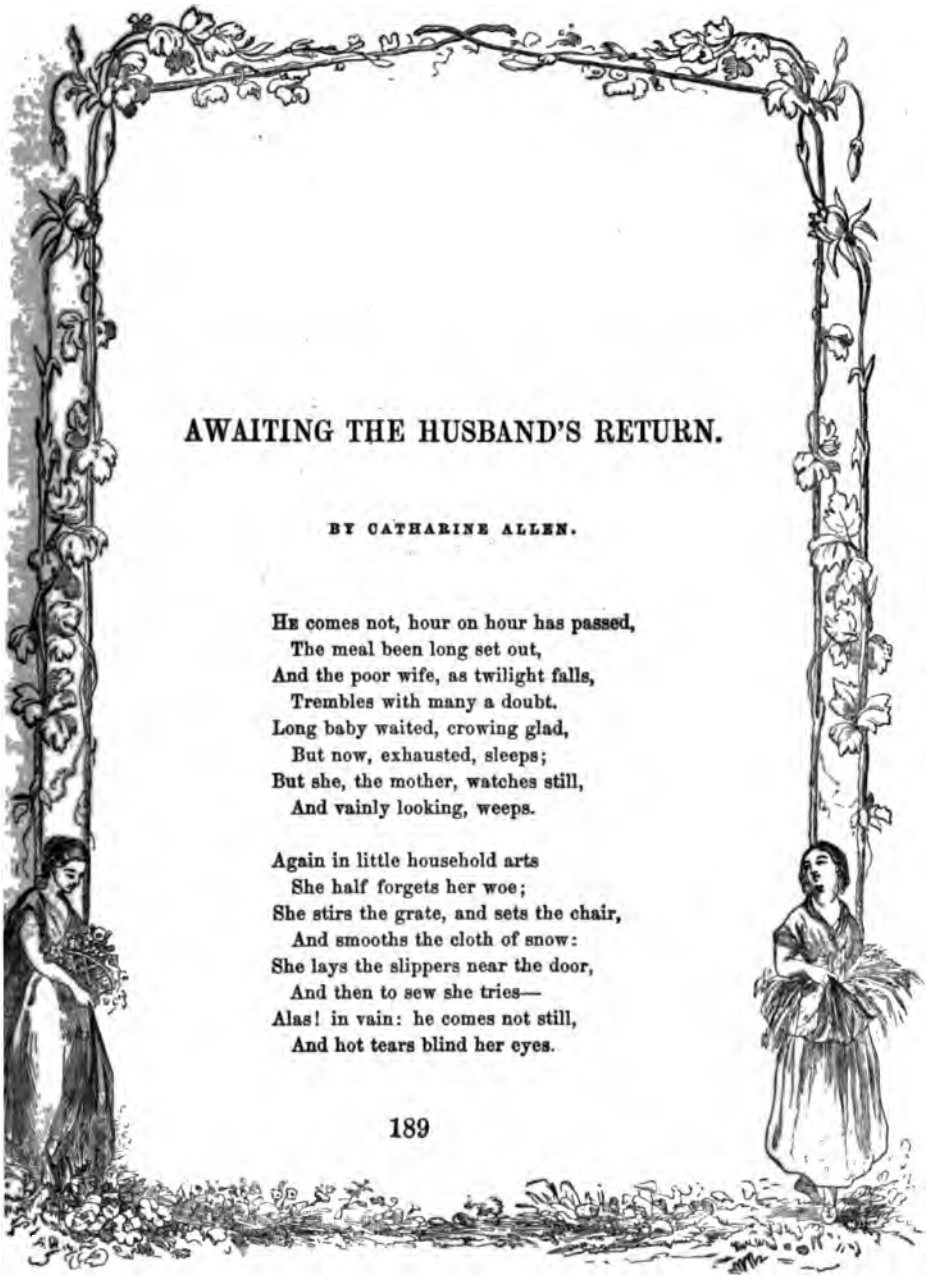
Awaiting the Husband's Return



AWAITING THE HUSBAND'S RETURN.

BY CATHARINE ALLEN.

He comes not, hour on hour has passed,
The meal been long set out,
And the poor wife, as twilight falls,
Trembles with many a doubt.
Long baby waited, crowing glad,
But now, exhausted, sleeps;
But she, the mother, watches still,
And vainly looking, weeps.

Again in little household arts
She half forgets her woe;
She stirs the grate, and sets the chair,
And smooths the cloth of snow:
She lays the slippers near the door,
And then to sew she tries—
Alas! in vain: he comes not still,
And hot tears blind her eyes.

An hour goes by the room is dark,
Sudden she hears a tread.
It passes. Ah! it is not his,
And now she thinks him dead.
Wild sobs convulse her breaking heart,
Beside her babe she kneels—
But hark! a step, a voice; and see,
An arm around her steals.

Yes! it is he, returned again,
And loving, tender, true—
But where had been that truant one,
That long, long evening through?
Alas! each hour to her so full
Of pangs both keen and dread,
With him, in thoughtless, careless sport,
Mid idle friends had sped.

THE YOUNG MILLER.

FAIREST among the rich mountains of Alsace, are the environs of Molsheim. The verdant pastures that surround this little town are watered by the river Bruche, and scattered hamlets and highly cultivated fields diversify the scene, while the bold mountain range of the Vosges, lends a certain grandeur to its aspect. The landscape, alternately rude and wild, each moment arrests our attention by some fresh contrast. Beyond these meadows spangled with flowers, these golden cornfields and blooming orchards, the mountains appear in the distance, covered with their dark pine woods, which cast a gloomy shadow over the valley beneath; and yet, this sombre back-ground serves only as a setting to the landscape—a cheerful character predominates throughout. The hamlets are white and glistening; the little gardens richly kept, and the road shady and pleasant. Here and there may be seen little way-

side inns, used not so much as resting-places for the wayfarer, as points of rendezvous for the neighboring peasantry, where the young men meet to form plans of amusement, the middle-aged to escape from some domestic care, and the more advanced in years, to renew the remembrances of their youth.

Several guests were seated on a bench at the door of one of these rustic taverns, and their boisterous merriment proved that the glass had not circulated in vain. The entertainer, who might easily be recognised by the care that he took to replenish the glasses of his companions, was a young man, in the hey-day of life, but whose furrowed countenance indicated the indulgence of violent passions. His dress marked him out as being less of a peasant than a workman. He had just called for a bottle of cherry brandy, with which to regale his companions, when one of the party looking up the road, exclaimed, "Bring another glass, my friend, here is father Solomon!"

"The old Anabaptist!" was re-echoed on every side.

"Oh! let us make room for him by all means," said the giver of the treat; "I must have a glass with Old Wisdom."

The new-comer, whose advance had been thus hailed, was a man far advanced in life, wearing the grave and antique garb which in those parts is peculiar to the Anabaptists. He walked with a

firm step, which denoted neither haste nor slothfulness, leaning the while on a staff from the knotted vine. His countenance was venerable though full of cheerfulness. As soon as he came within hearing, all the guests began to call upon him to join them, and the master of the entertainment rose and advanced to meet him.

"Good day to you, Andrew," said the old man in a friendly tone; "and good day to you, Stephen, and all of you. Is it here then, my friends, that you pray to God on the Sabbath-day?"

"And you, father Solomon," inquired Stephen, "from what church are you coming through the meadows?"

"I am coming from the greatest of all earthly temples, my children. Even from that whose incense is the perfume of the meadows, and whose music is the harmonious voice of all creation."

"That is to say, you are coming from your fields," replied Andrew. "Well, sit down there now, good father, and tell us whether your wheat looks well."

"Tell *me* first of all, how you happen to be in the country just now?" replied the old man, as he seated himself in the place which had been left vacant for him. "How long has Mr. Ritter's mill been able to get along without you?"

"What are Ritter and his mill to me?" exclaimed Andrew, whose countenance darkened at this

question. "I care as much about them as I do about what is passing in the moon."

"Have you quarrelled with your master, my son?" inquired the old man.

"I have no longer any master, father Solomon," hastily replied the young workman. "I left the mill yesterday, and may it henceforth have nothing to grind, unless it be old Ritter himself. Never will it have crushed worse grain."

He then began to recount to the old man, a long list of grievances, which had finally led to his leaving the mill, of which he had been for ten years the director, mingling his narrative with imprecations against the owner, whom he accused of the basest ingratitude.

The old man listened tranquilly to the whole recital, and then calmly replied, "you have drank the wine of anger, Andrew, and you see all your master's faults double. All you have said, only acquaints me with one fact, and that is, that you are out of place."

"And do you think I am the one most embarrassed by that?" inquired Andrew. "Ask old Ritter what he thinks about it? See half his mills stopped, and every day that they stand still robs him of fifty crowns,—that is, of fifty pieces of his flesh. The old miser will fall sick of vexation, even before he is ruined. And that is what makes me so jovial to-day, father Solomon. Because what causes

grief to old skin-flints, rejoices the hearts of all good fellows. Here! more glasses, let us drink to the discomfiture of the Jew of Molsheim."

The Anabaptist took no notice of this challenge, and asked Andrew what he thought of doing?

"I," exclaimed the miller; "why I mean to live like a *bourgeois*. Ritter was obliged to clear off all scores, and to line my pouch well before we parted; and so long as my broad pieces remain to me, I mean to have a merry time of it."

"And you have begun to-day, to put this plan in execution?" inquired the old man.

"As you may perceive," replied Andrew, whose utterance was becoming somewhat indistinct; "we are trying to taste of all the casks in the inn. Hollo! mine host, hast thou nothing new to bring us? Let us have some liquor here quickly, that may soften the heart of Old Wisdom."

But the old man, as soon as he had tasted the few drops that he had allowed to be poured out for him, prepared to go on his way. Andrew, however, seemed resolved to detain him.

"Stay, good father!" he exclaimed; "there is always both profit and pleasure in hearing you talk."

"Yes," said another, "you must sing us some of your old German hymns."

"Or you will tell us stories out of the Bible," added a third.

The old man made some attempts at resistance,

but they would listen to no excuse; first his hat was carried off, then his staff,—and finally, he was forced to resume his seat by the side of Andrew.

Father Solomon betrayed no signs of ill-humor at this kind of friendly violence that was offered him.

"Everything must give way to youth," said he, cheerfully; "but since you will keep me in spite of myself, you must take the consequences and put up with one of my sermons."

"Preach away,—preach away! then, father Solomon," exclaimed the merry group with one voice; "we are ready to listen."

This willing acquiescence was easily accounted for. Andrew and his companions well knew the nature of the old man's general mode of instruction. What he called his sermons, were for the most part, histories or parables taken from the sacred writings, whence he always drew some useful lesson; and even those who made but small account of this latter part of his discourses, liked to listen to his narratives, even as they would have done to some fire-side legend. Father Solomon they considered as a kind of romancer, whose inventions pleased their fancy, if they did not enlighten their reason. Andrew filled their glasses once more, and the whole party, each resting his folded arms upon the table, bent forward to listen with fixed attention.

The old man proceeded;—"I will not relate to

you this day," said he, "either any legend of our country, or any stories drawn from the sacred volume; either one or the other would be too grave for your present mood. I will treat you as children, and tell you a nursery tale as it is related on the other side of the Rhine.

In olden time, when everything was different from what it is now-a-days, there lived at *Manheim*, a young man named Otto, who was intelligent and daring, but who never knew how to accomplish one important feat,—that of bridling his own passions. When he desired a thing, nothing could prevent him from attaining it; and his passions resembled those strong blasts which sweep away rivers, valleys, and mountains, destroying all that opposes their progress. Being wearied of the tranquil life that he lived at Manheim, he took it into his head one fine day to set out on a long journey, with the hope that he might discover fortune and happiness in its course. He accordingly swung upon his shoulder a packet containing his best clothes, placed in a belt around his waist all the money that he possessed, and started on his way without knowing whither he was bound.

After journeying on for some days, he found himself at the entrance of a forest, which seemed to stretch on all sides as far as the eye could reach. Here he encountered three other travellers, who

seemed to have paused like himself, to repose themselves before plunging into its depths. One was a tall, proud looking woman, with a threatening aspect, who held a javelin in her hand. Another, a young girl, who lay half asleep in a chariot drawn by young bullocks. The third, was an old woman clad in rags, and with a rugged mien. Otto saluted them, and inquired whether they were acquainted with the road through the forest? On their replying in the affirmative, he requested permission to follow them, lest he should lose his way. They all three consented, and proceeded in company with the young man. The latter soon perceived that his companions were endued with powers that God had not bestowed on all his creatures; but this discovery awakened no uneasiness in his mind, and he pursued his journey, chatting the while with his three fellow travellers.

They had already gone on thus for some hours together, when they heard a horse's tread approaching. Otto turned round to see who it was, and recognised a *bourgeois* from Manheim, whom he had hated for many a long year, and whom he regarded as his greatest enemy. The *bourgeois* gazed on the pedestrians, glanced at Otto with a scornful smile, and passed on.

All the young man's ire was roused to the utmost. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I would give all I possess now, and the best part of my future inheritance to

boot, if I could only revenge myself on that man for his pride and his malice."

"Do not distress yourself about that, for I can easily gratify your wish," said the tall woman with the javelin. "Shall I transform him into a blind and infirm beggar for you? You have only to pay the price of transformation."

"And what would that price be?" eagerly inquired Otto.

"Your right eye."

"Gladly would I give it to be really avenged."

The young man had hardly uttered the words, when the promised change was effected in the rich *bourgeois*, and Otto at the same moment, found himself blind of one eye. He felt at first somewhat dismayed; but soon consoled himself for the loss by remembering that his remaining eye sufficed to give him the enjoyment of witnessing the misery of his enemy.

In the meanwhile, the party continued to walk for several hours without seeing any end to the gloomy forest. The road each moment became more rugged and hilly. Otto, who was beginning to feel somewhat fatigued, looked with a longing eye upon the chariot in which the youngest of the females lay half reeling at her ease. It was so ingeniously constructed, that the deepest ruts hardly gave it more than a gentle swing. "All roads must appear short and good in this chariot," said he,

approaching it with a wistful look. "I would give a great deal to have one like it."

"Is that all you want?" rejoined the second of his companions. "I can satisfy your desire in a moment."

She then struck with her foot the chariot that bore her, which seemed suddenly to unfold itself, and a second chariot of exactly the same easy and graceful proportions, and drawn by two fine bullocks, presented itself to his astonished view.

When he had somewhat recovered from his amazement, he thanked the young girl, and was about to step into his newly acquired vehicle, when she motioned him to stop.

"I have fulfilled your desire," said she, "but I do not intend to make a worse bargain than my sister. You gave her one of your eyes, I require one of your arms."

Otto was at first somewhat disconcerted by this request; but he was beginning to feel very weary, and the chariot seemed waiting most invitingly to receive him. As I told you before, he had never accustomed himself to resist the impulse of the moment; so after a little hesitation he agreed to the bargain, and found himself seated in his new equipage, but at the same time deprived of his right arm.

They now proceeded for some time on their journey without interruption. The forest seemed to stretch itself out to an interminable length. Otto

soon began to feel the cravings of hunger and thirst, which was perceived by the old woman in rags.

"You are becoming gloomy, my lad," said she. "When the stomach is empty, discouragement is not far distant; but I possess a sure remedy against want and despair."

"What is it?" inquired the young man.

"You see this flagon which I often carry to my lips," she replied. "It contains forgetfulness of pain, joy, and the brightest visions of hope. Whoever drinks of it becomes happy; and I will not drive you with a harder bargain than my sisters. I only require in exchange one half of your brain."

This time Otto rejected the offer. He began to feel a sort of terror at the successive bargains. But he was persuaded to taste the liquor contained in the flagon, and having once done so, it appeared to him so delicious, that his resolution gave way, and he acceded to the bargain.

The promised effect was not long in making itself felt. Scarcely had he quaffed the tempting beverage, than he found his strength revive, his heart became joyous, and full of confidence. And when he had sung all the songs he could remember, he fell quickly asleep in his chariot, perfectly indifferent as to what might become of him.

When he awoke, his three companions had disappeared, and he found himself alone at the entrance of the village. He attempted to rise; but one side

of his body seemed paralyzed. He tried to look about him, but the one eye which now alone remained to him, was dim and uncertain. He tried to speak, but his tongue faltered and his ideas were confused. Now he began to realize how great were the sacrifices to which he had so slightly consented. His three fellow travellers had degraded him from the level of humanity. A crippled idiot, no other resource remained to him, than to beg his daily bread from door to door during the remainder of his days.

Here the old man ceased. Andrew struck with his fist on the table, and burst into a noisy laugh. 'Indeed!" said he, "I think your friend Otto was a fool, father Solomon, and that he only got what he deserved. As to his three companions, they were thorough sharpers, whose names I should be glad to know, that I may take care to avoid them."

"It is easy to tell you that," said the narrator of the tale, "for their names are known to all. The name of the woman with the javelin, is Hatred. That of the young girl reclining in the chariot, is Sloth. That of the old woman with the flagon, is Intemperance."

"Well, I can quite understand that when one has to deal with such customers, one gets the worst of the bargain;" replied the young miller. "Still, I abide by my old opinion, Otto deserved no better."

"Alas!" replied the old man, gravely; "I know some other people in the world who are no wiser than he was. What should you say, for instance, to a lad, who for the sake of ruining his master with whom he had quarrelled, exposes himself to the misfortune of being without employment? Do you think he is blest with full sight? or has he not rather sold one of his eyes to Hatred? Add to this, that he wishes to give himself what he calls a merry time of it,—that is to say, to taste the pleasures of idleness, without reflecting that once accustomed to labor, and enervated by idleness, he will find it not easy to regain the use of the two stout arms which in former days constituted his wealth. Finally, to console himself for his vexations, he has already lost one half of his senses at the tavern, and will, before long be deprived altogether of the use of them. If Otto was a fool, what opinion can Andrew have of one who is imitating his example?"

The group began to laugh. Andrew alone remained grave and silent. He no longer sought to detain father Solomon, but suffered him to depart without even saying farewell. The lesson had evidently wounded him, as lessons which reach the conscience generally do. But such counsels are often like those bitter draughts which at first are not only distasteful to the palate, but seem even to increase our malady, yet afterwards they prove a means of restoring us to health.

Andrew reflected all night upon the history of Otto, and the following morning returned to the mill, where he resumed the duties which he ought never to have abandoned.

THE VIRTUES.

"MAMMA," said a little girl, one day, to her mother, "what made Mr. B—— say that Mrs. W—— did more harm than good with her charities? I thought that charity to the poor was always good."

"Not always. It may be bestowed in such a manner as to do much harm. Mrs. W—— is one of those people who are governed by impulsive feeling, and she does not exercise proper judgment in giving to the poor. She is naturally very kind; but she has no self-discipline, and no system in anything she does; and therefore her abilities for usefulness are nearly lost."

"Is she not a good woman, mamma?"

"Yes, I think she is. But a good woman may do much harm, if she is influenced entirely by her feelings. That is a fault for which I often correct you; and if you do not begin to discipline yourself now, by-and-by, when you are old enough to act

independently, you will be exposed to the same severe remarks, and perhaps some mortifications. You say that you mean to make a useful woman; but that you never can be, without proper self-discipline. I must leave you now, for your father will soon be here, and I must be ready to go with him to see your grandmother. While we are gone, you may read this sketch of the life of Julia de Krudener, and then you will better understand how it is that we may do harm by our charities."

The Baroness Julia de Krudener was born in the year 1776, in the town of Riga, on the borders of the Baltic.

Her father was a distinguished man in his own country; and while she was quite young, he went with his family to reside in Paris, where everything was new to Julia, and his house was open to such society as she enjoyed. But, in this society she was unfortunately surrounded by those who had no belief in true religion; and being constantly flattered by literary men who sat at her father's table, she lost her simplicity of character, and yielded unresistingly to all the suggestions of pride and vanity.

Unhappily for her, she was married at the age of fourteen, to Baron de Krudener, who was much older than herself. This circumstance separated her from the care and influence of her mother, at the age when she most needed it; and to this sepa-

ration may be attributed many of the sorrows of her after life.

Baron de Krudener was Russian ambassador, and was sent successively to Copenhagen, Venice, and Berlin. His wife accompanied him everywhere, leading a gay and fashionable life, and adorning the first ranks of the most distinguished circles. She allowed herself to be much influenced by the general admiration she commanded, which led to unhappiness in her domestic relations; and, after a few years, she was separated from her husband, and returned to Riga, to reside with her father.

She still continued in society, journeying into Russia, France, and Italy, until her health became much impaired, and she had great difficulty in restoring it. This gave her a season of repose, and brought her to a little reflection; but she was still a stranger to true piety, and was unhappy. She sought relief for this in study, in corresponding with her worldly friends, and in writing for the press.

At what time her mind became religiously impressed, it is difficult to say. Her biographers think that she was first led to new views of life during her intercourse with the excellent and unfortunate Queen of Russia, Louisa, who died of grief after the battle of Jena. She also became acquainted with the pious Stilling, who lived at Carlshrue. Perhaps too, the neighborhood of the Moravian Brethren was not without its influence upon her mind and

heart. She admired this denomination of Christians, who unite to a living piety, so much meekness and charity.

Her piety was both imperfect and inconsistent; for, in an excited state of feeling, she mingled religion with politics, sacred things with profane, the abiding and eternal interests of heaven, with the temporary vanities of the world—and in this way destroyed her influence in the holy cause to which she so zealously devoted herself.

She attracted the attention of the Emperor Alexander, and for some time enjoyed his friendship; and when in Paris, he lavished upon her marks of the most respectful attention. But, she soon lost her influence, for the ministers of Europe saw with displeasure that he gave so much of his confidence to this religious enthusiast, and took all possible measures to prevent it. His respect afterwards changed into aversion, and he absolutely forbade her to come to St. Petersburgh, or to attempt making proselytes among his people.

In 1815, she was in Paris, for the purpose of making proselytes among its eminent men. She hired a large room in the Suburb St. Honore, one of the most fashionable streets of Paris, where she held religious meetings. Many persons attended, who were surprised to hear such serious discourse from the lips of a woman whom they had formerly known as so worldly and light-minded, and could not under-

stand how such a change was effected. Some ridiculed her preaching, and said her brain was turned. Others were strongly impressed, though they could not share in her religious views. One of the most celebrated French writers of the time, Benjamin Constant, wrote,—"I have been to see Madame de Krudener. Oh, excellent woman! She kept me three hours consoling me, and telling me constantly, that I ought to pray for those who injure me. Yes, I desire to believe, and I try to pray."

She next directed her steps to Switzerland, hoping there to continue among the young and the poor, the work that she was not allowed to effect among the great ones of the earth.

She stopped at Basle, where she held religious meetings, and drew a large concourse of people, and by persuasive words and pious deeds, succeeded in gaining many proselytes. Some women, and some young ladies under her influence, distributed to the poor all that they possessed. This created some disturbance in the city—and the pastors declared, that Madame de Krudener excited the people to extravagance and fanaticism. The magistrates said, that she disturbed the public peace—and, at a council of state, she was ordered to leave the place.

She then went to reside in other Cantons in Switzerland, and in the grand duchy of Baden, preaching everywhere, collecting the poor together, and distributing alms. She had sometimes as many

as four thousand of the poor around her, and addressed to them prophetic entreaties to repent, at the same time distributing bread and other necessaries. It was a kind of camp-meeting, of which she bore all the expenses, drawing the funds from the purses of her friends.

It is easy to see that this mode of distributing charities would necessarily produce disorders. The poor would no longer labor, reaping the fruits of their own industry. They left their homes and their children, and flocked from a distance of eight or ten leagues, to receive the gifts of their benefactress.

Madame de Krudener was both eccentric and inconsiderate in her opinions and conduct. She did not reflect that this indiscriminate almsgiving endangered the essential object of her mission. The poor came to her, not so much to get instruction, as to get bread without working; and the result was, that the government of Baden sent their soldiers to drive her from the country.

She complained bitterly of this persecution, and wrote to the prime minister in her own defence. This produced but little effect, and she was placed under the watch of the police. France and Austria both refused to receive her. The king of Prussia would not allow her to go to Berlin, and the Emperor of Russia forbade her to come to his empire; so that almost every country of Europe was shut against her.

At Leipsic she obtained permission to remain some time for the recovery of her health; but soldiers were stationed day and night before her door, and she was forbidden all access to the poor. Some professors of the university were allowed to see her, and found her an eccentric woman, who could not control her feelings or her imagination, and whose best intentions were lost in some impracticable plan. She returned to Livonia, where she was ordered to confine herself within the circle of her relatives and friends. She then relinquished public preaching, and in 1824 went into the Crimea with her son and daughter, intending to found an Orphan House, but she soon fell sick, and died in December of the same year.

In her mother's absence, Emily was left to reflect upon the life of an extravagant religious enthusiast. Mrs. Gray returned at evening, and after tea, she inquired of Emily, "How should you like to have been Madame de Krudener?"

"I should like to travel about and be admired as she was," replied Emily, "but I should have been very much ashamed at being ordered out of a place by the police."

"Yes, I dare say you would, and very much mortified too, at being treated as she was by crowned heads."

"Do you think she deserved to be treated so, Mamma?"

"Perhaps not, because she meant to do right. But it was the necessary consequence of such mistaken zeal and charity. Among the crowds that gathered around her, there were undoubtedly many deserving objects of charity; but together with these, were many of the idle and vicious, who prefer begging or stealing to earning an honest livelihood. Such profuse charity encourages those evil habits, and does much harm; therefore it was necessary to put a stop to it, in order to protect the honest and industrious. If we would be good and do good, which is the duty of every one, we must keep in exercise more than one virtue. Madame de Krudener was very benevolent; but when by her profuse contributions to the poor, she excited expectations that must inevitably meet with disappointment, was she really kind?"

"No, mamma, but I think she meant to be kind."

"Yes; no doubt she was influenced by kind feeling, but this kind feeling did not make her a useful woman. None of us can be useful and really serve our fellow creatures, unless we cultivate all the virtues that are essential to usefulness. I will tell you a story I once read, as nearly as I can recollect it, which will illustrate my meaning very well—It is called,

"THE TOUR OF THE VIRTUES."

Once upon a time several of the Virtues, weary of being always stationary, resolved to take a short

excursion. So taking a boat, they decided to go from Westminster bridge to Richmond. The day was fine, the wind in their favor, and as to entertainment, how was it possible that the Virtues should disagree?

Just as they were about to put off, a poor beggar woman implored their compassion. Charity put her hand in her pocket, and gave the poor woman a shilling. Justice saw this and thought it great folly; so seizing poor Charity by the arm, cried, "What are you doing? Don't you know that indiscriminate alms-giving is the encouragement of idleness, and the mother of vice? You a virtue, indeed! I am ashamed of you. Get away, good woman," said he to the beggar—"Yet stay; here is a ticket for soup at the Mendicity Society; they'll see if you are a proper object of compassion." But Charity is quicker than Justice, and slipping her hand behind her, the poor woman got the shilling and the ticket for soup too. Economy and Generosity saw the double gift. "What waste!" cried Economy, frowning; "What! a ticket and shilling too? Either would have sufficed."

"Either?" said Generosity, "Fy! Charity should have given the poor creature half a crown, and Justice a dozen tickets!" So the poor Virtues commenced a quarrel, when a hint from Courage reminded them that they had forgotten themselves; and Generosity offering the first apology, they made it

up, and went on very pleasantly for a mile or two. Then they seemed to be threatened with a shower, and being in an open boat, Prudence (having on a new bonnet), suggested the propriety of landing. Courage thought it best to brave the rain; but Prudence prevailed, and they landed. Just as they were nearing the shore, another boat very uncivilly ran against them, and nearly threw poor Charity overboard. The company on board the uncivil boat, who evidently thought the Virtues were unfashionable people, laughed outright at Charity's discomposure, especially as a large basket full of buns, which she carried with her for any hungry looking children she might see, fell pounce into the water. Courage was all on fire, and would have punished the enemy on the spot, had not Meekness interposed, whose gentle behavior made the uncivil boatman ashamed of their conduct, and they apologized to the Virtues in such a manner, that Courage himself was satisfied, though he abused Meekness for interfering, as you would hardly suppose one Virtue would abuse another. This threw a damp over the whole party, and they had but little pleasure afterwards.

At length, it was agreed that Temperance should order a dinner. Meanwhile, Hospitality met a large party and invited them to join in the repast,—at which Economy and Prudence were much disconcerted, and finally, Economy and Generosity quar-

relled about the bill and the waiters. To complete their mortification, they passed a boat on their return, in which all the company were in the best possible spirits; and they found that these merry companions were two or three agreeable Vices, who had taken Good Temper along with them. So you see that even the Virtues cannot enjoy themselves, if they have omitted Good Temper in the selection of their company.

At the end of the tour, after a long and silent voyage, Prudence said, with a thoughtful air, "My dear friends, I have been thinking that it is not well for us to mix so exclusively together, we only waste our lives in finding fault with each other, and thus run the risk of being still more unpopular than we are now. The name of Charity is indeed often taken in vain, and the miser talks of the duty he owes me when he spurns the stranger from the door, or sends his grand-son to jail. And no one much cares what becomes of us. I therefore propose that we should all separate, and take up our abode with some individual for a year, with the power of changing at the end of that time, if it should seem best. Let us then try the experiment,—and on this day twelvemonth, we will meet again under the large oak tree in Windsor forest, and relate our adventures." Prudence ceased, as she always does when she has said enough, and the Virtues, much pleased with the proposal, adopted it on the spot. They

were each of them pleased with the idea of their own independence, and were all confident of success; for Economy in her heart thought Generosity no Virtue at all; and Meekness considered Courage as little better than a heathen.

Generosity, being the most eager and active of all the Virtues, set off first on his journey. Justice followed, and kept up with him, though at a more even pace. Charity never heard a sigh, or saw a squalid face, but she staid to cheer and console the sufferer, by which her progress was somewhat retarded.

Courage espied a travelling carriage, with a man and his wife, who were not on the best terms with each other, and civilly asked leave to take a vacant seat opposite the lady. Economy still lingered, inquiring for the cheapest inns. Poor Modesty looked round and sighed, to find herself so near London, where she was almost a stranger.—Prudence, though the first to project, was the last to advance, for she resolved to remain where she was for that night, and take day-light for her travels.

The year rolled on, at the end of which, the Virtues, punctual to their appointment, met under the tree. They all looked unhappy, as if they had been on fruitless errands; and also appeared rather less in size than when they parted.

"Ah! my dear Generosity," said Prudence, "as

you were the first to start on your travels, you should be the first to tell your adventures."

"Well, my dear sisters," said Generosity, "I had not proceeded far, before I fell in with a marching regiment. Amongst them I discovered the wife of a lieutenant, who looked so like Good Temper herself, that in pity for her poverty I determined to take up my abode with her.

"The next morning, as my charming Fanny was writing for her husband, (to whom she had not been long married,) a wretched-looking object appeared at the window, asking charity. Prompted by me, Fanny, without a moment's hesitation, gave her a five-pound note. Soon after, her husband had occasion to draw upon her purse in settling a bill, when she was obliged to confess that she could not accommodate him, as she had given away five pounds. He was a little angry at such lavishness, and told her it would be three weeks before he should have any money. I still prompted her until every shilling was gone; and then she gave away her clothes, and many articles that she could not well spare.

"At last, her husband became very rude, and even went so far as to call me 'Heartless Extravagance!' Fanny was censured by all around her, and I was unhappy to find myself the cause of all her misfortunes; so, at the end of the year, I resolved to leave her, being thoroughly convinced, that however amiable and praiseworthy I might be in myself, I was

not a proper companion for one who possessed but little money."

The Virtues expressed their sympathy for the unfortunate Fanny; and Prudence, turning to Justice, next demanded an account of her adventures, saying, "I am sure you cannot have occasioned harm to any one."

Justice shook her head, and said, "Alas! I find there are times and places when it is better that I should not appear—as I will prove to you by an account of my adventures. After leaving you, I repaired immediately to India, and took up my abode with a Brahmin. I was much distressed with the dreadful inequalities of condition among the several castes, and accordingly set to work to produce a better state of things. But the Brahmins regarded me with horror. One called me 'Madness,' and another, 'Ambition,' and a third, 'The Desire to Innovate.' The poor Brahmin with whom I had taken up my abode, led a miserable life of it, suffering much, and was finally destroyed by the priests. I fled hither in great tribulation, persuaded that in some countries even Justice can do harm."

Charity, not waiting to be asked, proceeded to say, "I chose to fix my abode with an old lady in Dublin, who had neither discretion nor judgment, and always acted from impulse. At my instigation she scattered money in her drives through the suburbs of Dublin, and by that means kept vicious people

in idleness and intemperance. To my great horror I found that I was doing much harm, and that to give alms indiscriminately was only increasing the evils of poverty."

"I went to Ireland also," said Hospitality, "and fixed my abode with a young man who was just beginning life with small means. I encouraged him to keep his house open to all his friends far and near; and when I left him, he had nothing left for his own subsistence."

"Well," said Courage, keeping more in the background than usual, "the travelling-carriage in which I took a seat, belonged to a German general and his wife, who were returning to their own country; and I resolved to be her companion for a year; in consequence of which, she very soon assumed her authority over him. Her unwomanly conduct made him so miserable, that in six months he died broken-hearted. After this, she became so dreaded and detested, that she was threatened with poison. This daunted even me, and I left her without delay."

It was now Modesty's turn. "You know," said she, "that I went to London, and spent several months in going from house to house, but found no one ready to receive me. At last I found a young man of remarkable talents, and I contended with Ambition for empire over him. Whenever he was prompted to make some effort at distinction, I as often interfered, and prevented him from making

any attempt, or so influenced him, that he was sure to fail in every undertaking. At last, Ambition left him—and, finding himself melancholy and unhappy, he became intemperate."

The Virtues now turned their eyes towards Prudence, who was their last hope,—"I am just where I started," said that discreet Virtue, "having done neither harm nor good. To avoid temptation I went to live with a hermit, to whom I was of no use beyond warning him not to over-boil his peas and lentils, and not to leave his door open when it stormed; and not to fill his pitcher too full when he went for water. I perceive that I am the only one of our number who has not done harm, merely because I put myself out of the way of doing it. In a word," continued Prudence thoughtfully, "circumstances are necessary to the Virtues themselves. For instance, if Economy had changed with Generosity, and gone to the poor Lieutenant's wife, and had I lodged with the Irish Squireen, instead of Hospitality, what misfortunes both would have escaped! Alas! I perceive we lose our efficacy when we are separated or misplaced; for then, though in reality, Virtues, we operate as Vices. Circumstances must be favorable to our exertions, and harmonious with our nature. It is plain, that we none of us asked the guidance of Wisdom, as we should have done, before locating ourselves."

Emily was very thoughtful at the conclusion of the story, and her mother said to her, "do you now understand how it is that a person may be foolishly charitable, or foolishly generous?"

"Yes, mamma, I understand you quite well, and will try not to be guilty of such faults."

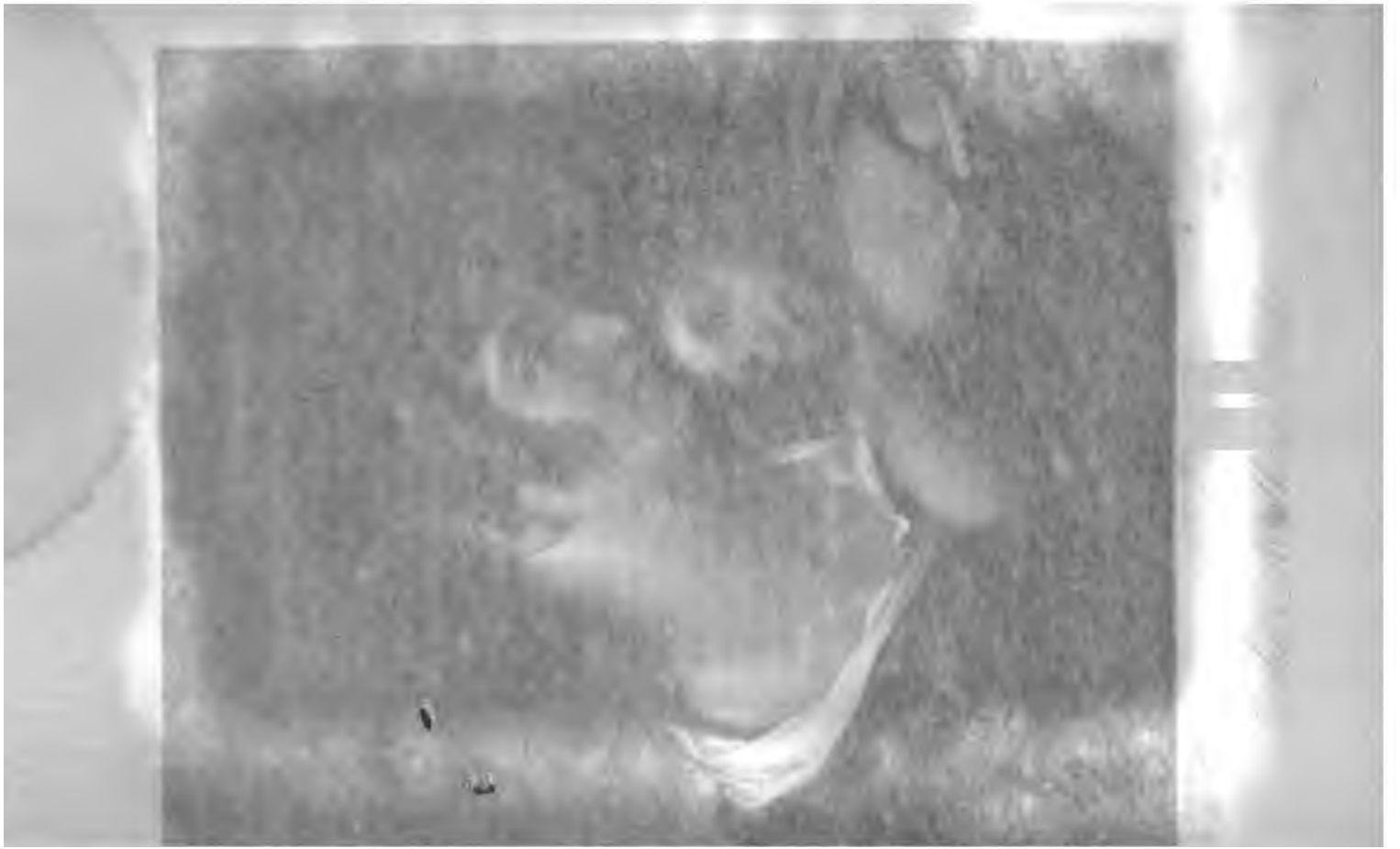
"You are young, but quite old enough to think about these things; and if you wish to be a really useful woman; and live in obedience to the command, 'do good as ye have opportunity,' now is the time to form those habits that will qualify you for usefulness, and for this I give you one essential rule for your daily life,—and that is, to do everything in the right time and in the right way."

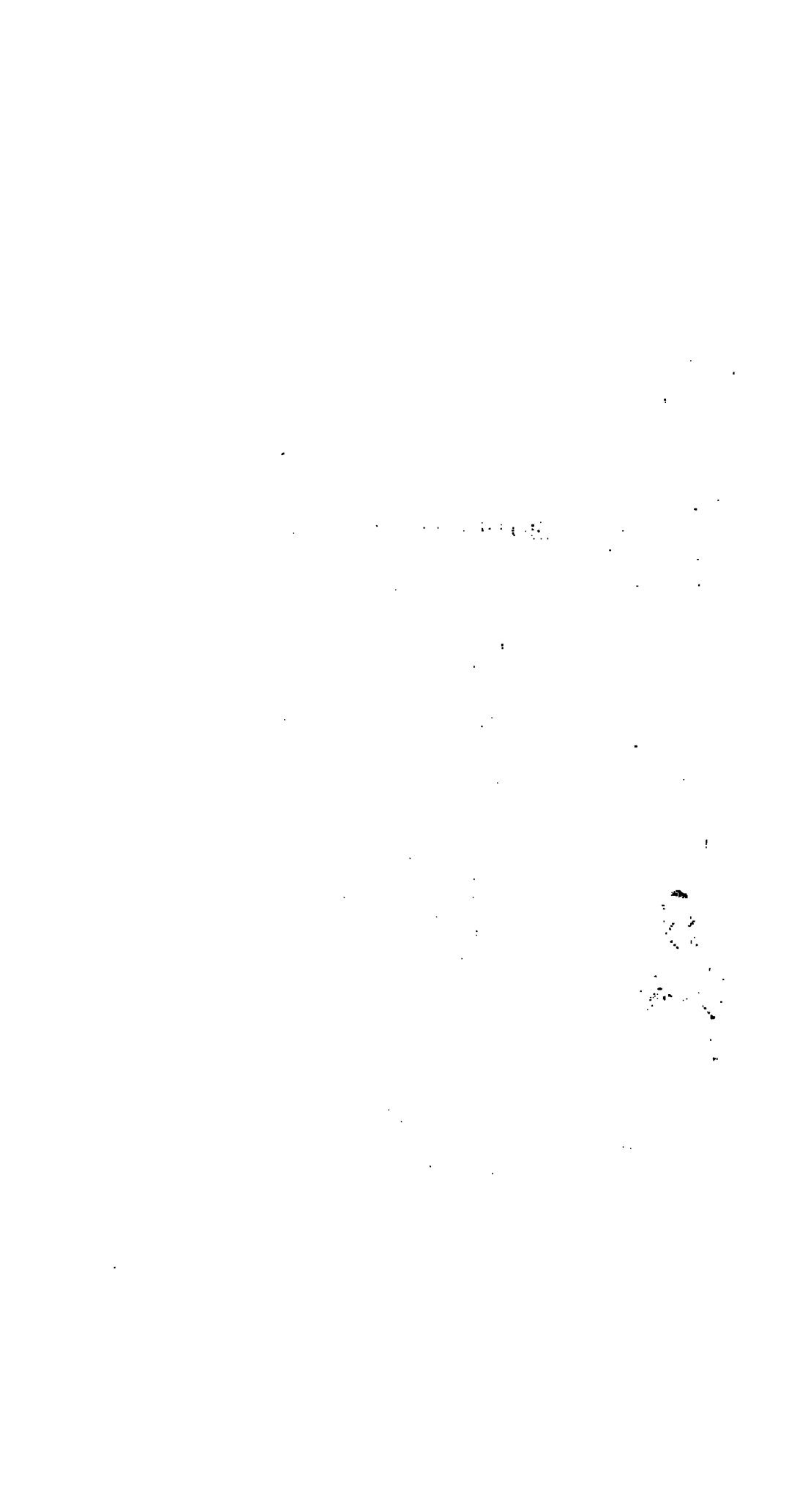
THE MOTHER'S PRIDE.

BY CATHARINE ALLEN.

My darling boy, I would have died,
If thou had'st not been born,
When from my side, by cruel fate,
Thy brave, loved sire was torn.
He was the tend'rest, truest lord,
The kindest, dearest, best,
That ever lived—and now he lies
Cold on the green earth's breast.

Thou art my only solace left
In all the world so wide.
I pray that thou may'st grow to be
Thy mother's stay and pride.
Be like thy father, boy, and tread
The ways he trod before.
Be bold, and true, and good—I ask
Of God and heav'n no more!





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THE TWO LITTLE ORPHANS.

DEAR mother," said little Mary Crawford, one day, "I wish I had some new story to read, I am tired of all my old books, for I have read them over and over, till I can almost say them by heart."

"I wish you had a new book," replied her mother; "though to tell the truth, I think you are getting a little too fond of stories, and I must look for some other reading that will interest you."

"But it is so dull here, mother. Now I have all this long evening and nothing to do, for I have learned my lessons for to-morrow. Do tell me some pretty story."

"I have repeated all my stories to you, till you are as tired of them as you are of your books. You know I am expecting your aunt Jane every day, and she always has a fund of stories ready for those who are story-hungry like yourself."

Just then a carriage drove up to the door. Mary saw that her aunt had arrived, and without waiting to speak to her, ran off to find her brother, who she knew would be as much delighted as herself.

After the first salutation was over, Mrs. Knight said to her sister, "I see two little strangers here,—but where are *your* children?"

"George must share all Mary's pleasures; so, instead of stopping to speak to you, she ran to find him. They will both be here directly." They entered as she spoke, and had so much to say, that it was some time before Mrs. Crawford could introduce the little strangers, who were orphans to whom she had given a temporary home. In the course of the evening, she related as much as she knew of their history.

"Three weeks since," said she, "I learned that there was a stranger sick in the neighborhood, and went to see if I could do anything for her. I found her in the last stages of consumption, destitute of every comfort, and no one with her but these two little children. I then went to see her every day, and in the course of my visits, I gathered from her that she was a native of England; that her father was in independent circumstances; that she had married against his wishes; had been deserted by her husband there; followed him to America, and was again deserted here.

"It was with great reluctance that she gave me

these few facts, and said to me, 'I would not tell any one my tale of sorrow if I alone were the sufferer. Your kindness has found me out, and I feel that it is but just to my father to tell you that my reduced condition is no fault of his. For when I wished to marry my husband, he reasoned kindly with me;—told me that he was not a man of principle, and that his expensive and indolent habits betrayed a reckless and selfish disposition, such as could not fail to involve much unhappiness in married life. Still, I persisted and left my father. After my husband came to this country, he again took me home and begged me most earnestly to remain with him; but I left him again. And now he follows his ungrateful child with a father's love;—occasionally sends me remittances, and would supply all my wants if he knew what they were.'"

"I asked her why she did not return to him when she found herself thrown upon her own resources?

"She replied, 'I have twice disobeyed his wishes, and I felt as if I could never look in his face again. For my poor children's sake I am sorry that I did not, but it is too late now.'

"Have you no clew to her husband?" asked Mrs. Knight.

"No, she did not know where he was; and in giving me this history of herself, scrupulously avoided giving any particulars respecting his conduct towards her."

"A strong proof of her affection for him," added Mrs. Knight, "undeserving as he was of a love so devoted. And what is to become of her children?"

"I have written to her father to inform him that they are with me, and I must keep them till I hear from him. They have only been with me a day, for their mother died but yesterday, and would not consent to part with them as long as life remained to her. I think their grand-father will probably come and take them home."

At the close of the evening, Mary asked her aunt if she would tell her and George a story to-morrow night? To which she readily assented, and at the appointed time told them a story called

THE WOOING OF MASTER FOX.

"Fable says, that there was a time when no particular enmity existed between the various species of brutes. The dog and the hare chatted very agreeably together, and every one knows, that the wolf, unacquainted with mutton, had no particular affection for the lamb.

"In these happy days, two most respectable cats, of very old family, had an only daughter. Never was kitten more amiable and captivating; and as she grew up, manifested so many charms, that in a short time, she became noted as the greatest beauty in the neighborhood. Her skin was of the most deli-

cate tortoise shell, and her paws were smoother than velvet. Her whiskers were at least twelve inches long, and her eyes had a gentleness quite astonishing in a cat. The young beauty had many admirers during the lives of monsieur and madame; and of course, their number was not diminished, when at the age of two years and a half, she was left an orphan, and sole heiress to the hereditary property. In short, she was considered the greatest match in the country, but I shall only give you a history of the two rivals most sanguine of success—the dog and the fox.

Now the dog was a handsome, honest, straightforward, affectionate fellow. "For my part," said he, "I do not wonder at my cousin refusing Bruin, the bear, and Gaunt-grim, the wolf, to be sure they give themselves great airs, and call themselves *noble;* but what then? Bruin is always in the sulks, and Gaunt-grim always in a passion; a cat of any sensibility would lead a miserable life with them. As for myself, I am very good-tempered when I am not put out; and I have no fault except that of being angry when I am disturbed at my meals. I am young and good-looking, fond of play and amusement, and altogether as agreeable a husband as a cat could find of a summer's day. If she marries me, well and good; she may have her property settled on herself—if not, I shall bear her no malice; and I hope I shan't be too

much in love to forget that there are other cats in the world."

With that the dog threw his tail over his back, and set off to his mistress with a gay face on the matter.

Now the fox had heard the dog talking thus to himself—for he was always peeping about in holes and corners, and when the dog was out of sight, he burst out a-laughing.

"Ho, ho! my fine fellow," said he, "not so fast if you please; you've got the fox for a rival, let me tell you."

The fox, as you may well know, is a beast that can never do anything without a manœuvre; and as he was generally very lucky in whatever he undertook, he did not doubt for a moment, that with his cunning, he could out-wit the dog. Reynard was aware, that in love one should always, if possible, be the first in the field; he therefore resolved to get the start of the dog, and arrive at the cat's residence before him. But this was no easy matter; for though Reynard could run faster than the dog for a little way, he was no match for him in a journey of some distance.

"However," said Reynard, "these good-natured creatures are never very wise; and I think I know already what will make him bait on his way."

With that the fox trotted pretty fast by a short cut in the woods, and getting before the dog, laid

himself down by a hole in the earth, and began to howl most piteously.

The dog hearing the noise, was very much alarmed; "See now," said he, "if the poor fox has not got himself into some scrape. Those cunning creatures are always in mischief; thank heaven, it never comes into my head to be cunning." Then the good-natured animal ran off as hard as he could to see what was the matter with the fox.

"Oh, dear!" cried Reynard, "what shall I do, what shall I do! my poor little sister has gotten into this hole, and I can't get her out—she'll certainly be smothered." And the fox burst out a howling more piteously than before.

"But, my dear Reynard," quoth the dog, very simply, "why don't you go in after your sister?"

"Ah! you may well ask that," said the fox; "but in trying to get in, don't you perceive that I have sprained my back and can't stir? Oh dear! what shall I do, if my poor little sister gets smothered?"

"Pray, don't vex yourself," said the dog; "I'll get her out in an instant;" and with that he forced himself with great difficulty into the hole.

No sooner did the fox see that the dog was fairly in, than he rolled a great stone to the mouth of the hole, and fitted it so tight, that the dog not being able to turn round and scratch against it with his fore-paws, was made a close prisoner.

"Ha, ha," cried Reynard, laughing outside;

"amuse yourself with my poor little sister, while I go and make your compliments to Mademoiselle the cat."

With that Reynard set off at an easy pace, never troubling himself as to what had become of the poor dog. When he arrived in the neighborhood of the beautiful cat's mansion, he resolved to pay a visit to a friend of his, an old magpie that lived in a tree, and was well acquainted with all the news of the place. "For," thought Reynard, "I may as well know the weak side of my mistress and get round it at once."

The magpie received the fox with great cordiality, and inquired what brought him so great a distance from home?

"Upon my word," said the fox, "nothing so much as the pleasure of seeing your ladyship, and hearing those agreeable anecdotes you tell with so charming a grace; but to let you into a secret—be sure it don't go farther—"

"On the word of a magpie," interrupted the bird.

"Pardon me for doubting you," continued the fox, "I should have recollected that a pie was a proverb for discretion; but as I was saying, you know her majesty the lioness?"

"Surely," said the magpie, bridling.

"Well, she was pleased to fall in—that is to say—to—to—take a caprice to your humble servant, and the lion grew so jealous that I thought it best to

decamp; a jealous lion is no joke, let me assure your ladyship. But mum's the word."

So great a piece of news delighted the magpie. She could not but repay it in kind, by all the news in her budget. She told the fox all the scandal about Bruin and Gaunt-grim, and she then fell to work on the poor young cat. She did not spare her foibles, you may be quite sure. The fox listened with great attention, until he learned enough to convince him, that however the magpie exaggerated, the cat was very susceptible to flattery, and had a great deal of imagination.

When the magpie had finished, he said, "But it must be very unfortunate for you to be banished from so magnificent a court as that of the lion."

"As to that," answered the fox, "I consoled myself for my exile, with a present his majesty made me on parting, as a reward for my anxiety for his honor and domestic tranquillity; namely, three hairs from the fifth leg of the Amoronthologosphorus. Only think of that, ma'am!"

"The what?" cried the pie, cocking down her left ear.

"The Amoronthologosphorus."

"La!" said the magpie, "and what is that very long word, my dear Reynard?"

"The Amoronthologosphorus is a beast that lives on the other side of the river Cylinx. It has five legs, and on the fifth leg there are three hairs, and

whoever has these three hairs can be young and beautiful forever."

"I wish you could let me see them," said the pie, holding out her claw.

"Would that I could oblige you, madam, but it's as much as my life's worth to show them to any but the lady I marry. In fact, they only have effect on the fair sex, as you may see by myself, whose poor person they utterly fail to improve. They are therefore intended for a marriage present, and his majesty, the lion, thus generously atoned to me for relinquishing the regard of his queen. One must confess that there was a great deal of delicacy in the gift. But you'll be sure not to mention it."

"A magpie gossip, indeed!" quoth she.

The fox then wished the magpie good night, and retired to a hole to sleep off the fatigues of the day, before presenting himself to the beautiful young cat.

The next morning, it was known all over the place, that Reynard the fox had been banished from court for the favor shown him by her majesty, and that the lion had bribed his departure with three hairs that would make any body whom the fox married, young and beautiful forever.

The cat was the first to learn the news, and she became all curiosity to see so interesting a stranger, possessed of "qualifications," which, in the language of the day, would make any one happy! She was

not long without obtaining her wish. As she was taking a walk in the wood the fox contrived to encounter her. You may be sure that he made his best bow; and flattered the maid with so courtly an air, that she saw nothing surprising in the love of the lioness.

Meanwhile, let us see what became of his rival, the dog.

When the dog found himself thus entrapped, he gave himself up for lost. In vain he kicked with his hind legs against the stone; he only succeeded in bruising his paws, and at length was forced to lie down with his tongue out of his mouth, and quite exhausted. "However," said he, after he had taken breath, "it won't do to be starved here without doing my best to escape; and if I can't get out one way, let me see if there is not a hole at the other end." Thus saying, his courage, which stood him in lieu of cunning, returned; and he proceeded on with the same straight-forward way in which he had always conducted himself. At first, the path was exceedingly narrow, and he hurt his sides very much against the rough stones that projected from the earth. But by degrees the way became broader, and he now went on with considerable ease to himself, till he arrived in a large cavern, where he saw an immense griffin sitting on his tail, smoking a huge pipe.

The dog was by no means pleased at meeting

so suddenly a creature that had only to open his mouth to swallow him at a morsel; however, he put a bold face on the danger, and, walking respectfully up to the griffin, said, "Sir, I should be very much obliged to you if you would inform me the way out of these holes into the upper world."

The griffin took his pipe out of his mouth, and looked at the dog very sternly.

"Ho! wretch!" said he, "how comest thou hither? I suppose thou wantest to steal my treasure; but I know how to treat such vagabonds as you, and I shall certainly eat you up!"

"You can do that, if you choose," said the dog, "but it would be very unhandsome conduct in an animal so much bigger than myself. For my own part, I never attack any dog that is not of equal size; I should be ashamed of myself, if I did: and as to your treasure, the character I bear for honesty is too well known for such a suspicion."

"Upon my word," said the griffin, who could not help smiling, "you have a singularly free mode of expressing yourself! and how, I say, came you hither?"

Then the dog (who did not know what a lie was) told the griffin his whole history: how he had set off to pay his court to the cat, and how Reynard the fox had entrapped him into the hole.

When he had finished, the griffin said to him, "I see, my friend, that you know how to speak the

truth. I am in want of just such a servant as you will make me; therefore stay with me, and keep watch over my treasure while I sleep."

"Two words to that," said the dog. "You have hurt my feelings very much by suspecting my honesty; and I would much sooner go back into the wood, and be avenged on that scoundrel the fox, than serve a master who has so ill an opinion of me; even if he gave me to keep, much less to take care of, all the treasures in the world. I pray you, therefore, to dismiss me, and put me in the right way to my cousin the cat."

"I am not a griffin of many words," answered the master of the cavern, "and I give you your choice—be my servant, or be my breakfast; it is just the same to me. I give you time to decide 'till I have smoked out my pipe."

The poor dog did not take so long to consider. "It is true," he thought, "that it is a great misfortune to live in a cave with a griffin of so unpleasant a countenance; but, probably, if I serve him well and faithfully, he'll take pity on me some day, and let me go back to the earth, and prove to my cousin what a rogue the fox is; and as to the rest, though I would sell my life as dear as I could, it is impossible to fight a griffin with a mouth of so monstrous a size." In short, he decided to stay with the griffin.

"Shake a paw on it," quoth the grim smoker—and the dog shook paws.

"And now," said the griffin, "I will tell you what you are to do: look here:" and, moving his tail, he showed the dog a great heap of gold and silver, in a hole in the ground, that he had covered with the folds of his tail; and also, what the dog thought more valuable—a great heap of bones of very tempting appearance.

"Now," said the griffin, "during the day, I can take very good care of these myself; but at night, it is very necessary that I should go to sleep; so when I sleep, you must watch over them, instead of me."

"Very well," said the dog; "as to the gold and silver, I have no objection; but I would much rather you would lock up the bones, for I'm often hungry of a night; and——"

"Hold your tongue!" said the griffin.

"But, sir," said the dog, after a short silence, "surely nobody ever comes into so retired a situation. Who are the thieves, if I may be so bold as to ask?"

"Know," answered the griffin, "that there are a great many serpents in this neighborhood, and they are always trying to steal my treasure; and if they catch me napping, they, not contented with the theft, would do their best to sting me to death; so that I am almost worn out for want of sleep."

"Ah," quoth the dog, who was fond of a good night's rest, "I don't envy you your treasure, sir."

At night, the griffin, who had a great deal of penetration, and saw that he might depend on the dog, laid down to sleep in another corner of the cave; and the dog, shaking himself well, so as to be quite awake, took watch over the treasure. His mouth watered exceedingly at the bones, and he could not help smelling them now and then; but he said to himself, "A bargain's a bargain; and, since I have promised to serve the griffin, I must serve him as an honest dog ought to serve."

In the middle of the night, he saw a great snake creeping in by the side of the cave; but the dog set up so loud a bark, that the griffin awoke, and the snake crept away as fast as he could. Then the griffin was very much pleased, and gave the dog one of the bones to amuse himself with; and every night the dog watched the treasure, and acquitted himself so well, that at last not a snake dared to make its appearance; so the griffin enjoyed an excellent night's rest.

The dog now found himself much more comfortable than he expected. The griffin regularly gave him one of the bones for supper; and, pleased with his fidelity, made himself as agreeable a master as a griffin could do. Still, however, the dog was secretly anxious to return to earth; for, having nothing to do during the day but to doze on the ground, he perpetually dreamed of his cousin the cat's charms; and, in fancy, he gave the rascal Reynard as hearty

a worry as a fox may well have the honor of receiving from a dog's paws. He awoke panting—alas! he could not realize his dreams!

One night, as he was watching as usual over the treasure, he was greatly surprised to see a beautiful little black-and-white dog enter the cave; and it came fawning to our honest friend, wagging its tail with pleasure.

"Ah, little one!" said our dog, (whom, to distinguish, I shall call the watch-dog,) "you had better make the best of your way back again. See, there is a great griffin asleep in the other corner of the cave; and if he awakes, he will either eat you up, or make you his servant, as he has made me."

"I know what you would tell me," says the little dog, "and I have come down here to deliver you. The stone is now gone from the mouth of the cave, and you have nothing to do but to go back with me. Come, brother, come."

The dog was very much excited by this address. "Don't ask me, my dear little friend," said he; "you must be aware that I should be too happy to escape out of this cold cave, and roll on the soft turf once more; but, if I leave my master, the griffin, those ugly serpents that are always on the watch, will come in and steal his treasure—nay, perhaps sting him to death." Then the little dog came up to the watch-dog, and remonstrated with him, and licked him caressingly on both sides of his face; then taking

him by the ear, he endeavored to draw him from the treasure—but the dog would not stir a step, although his heart sorely pressed him. At length, the little dog, finding it all in vain, said, "Well, then, if I must leave, good bye; but I have become so hungry in coming all this way after you, that I wish you would give me one of those bones; they smell very pleasantly, and one out of so many could never be missed."

"Alas!" said the watch-dog, with tears in his eyes, "how unlucky I am to have eaten up the bone my master gave me, otherwise you should have had it and welcome. But I can't give you one of these, because my master has made me promise to watch over them all, and I have given my paw on it. I am sure a dog of your respectable appearance will say nothing further on the subject."

Then the little dog answered pettishly, "Pooh! what nonsense you talk! surely a great griffin can't miss a little bone fit for me;" and nestling his nose under the watch-dog, he tried forthwith to bring up one of the bones.

On this, the watch-dog grew angry; and, though with much reluctance, he seized the little dog by the nape of the neck, and threw him off, though without hurting him. Suddenly the little dog changed into a monstrous serpent, bigger even than the griffin himself; and the watch-dog barked with all his might. The griffin arose in a great hurry, and

sprang upon him ere he was well awake. I wish you could have seen the battle between the griffin and the serpent—how they coiled, and twisted, and bit, and darted their fiery tongues at each other. At length, the serpent got uppermost, and was about to plunge his tongue into that part of the griffin which is unprotected by scales, when the dog seizing him by the tail, bit him so sharply, that he could not help turning round to kill his new assailant; and the griffin, taking advantage of the opportunity, caught the serpent by the throat with both claws, and fairly strangled him. As soon as the griffin had recovered from the nervousness of the conflict, he heaped all manner of caresses on the dog for saving his life. The dog told him the whole story; and the griffin then explained, that the dead snake was the king of the serpents, who had the power to change himself into any shape he pleased. "If he had tempted you," said he, "to leave the treasure but for one moment, or to have given him any part of it—aye, but a single bone—he would have crushed you in an instant, and stung me to death ere I could have waked; but none, no, not the most venomous thing in creation, has power to hurt the honest!"

"That has always been my belief," answered the dog; "and now, sir, you had best go to sleep again, and leave the rest to me."

"Nay," answered the griffin, "I have no longer need of a servant—for now as the king of the ser-

pents is dead, the rest will never molest me. It was only to satisfy his avarice that his subjects dared to brave the den of the griffin."

Upon hearing this, the dog was exceedingly delighted; and, raising himself on his hind-paws, he begged the griffin, most movingly, to let him return to earth, to visit his mistress, the cat, and worry his rival, the fox.

"You do not serve an ungrateful master," answered the griffin: "you shall return, and I will teach you all the craft of our race, (which is much craftier than the race of that pettifogger, the fox,) so that you may be able to cope with your rival."

"Ah, excuse me!" said the dog, hastily; "I am equally obliged to you; but I fancy honesty is a match for cunning any day; and I think myself a great deal safer in being a dog of honor, than if I knew all the tricks in the world."

"Well," said the griffin, a little piqued at the dog's bluntness, "do as you please; I wish you all possible success."

Then the griffin opened a secret door in the side of the cavern, and the dog saw a broad path that led at once into the wood. He thanked the griffin with all his heart, and, wagging his tail, ran into the open moonlight. "Ah, ah, Master Fox!" said he, "there's no trap for an honest dog that has not two doors to it, cunning as you think yourself!"

With that he curled his tail gallantly over his

left leg, and set off on a long-trot to the cat's house. When he was within sight of it, he stopped to refresh himself by a pool of water—and who should be there, but our friend the magpie.

"And what do *you* want, friend?" said she, rather disdainfully, for the dog looked somewhat out of case, after all his adventures.

"I am going to see my cousin, the cat," answered he.

"*Your* cousin?" said the magpie; "don't you know she is going to be married to Reynard the fox? This is not a time for her to receive visits from a brute like you!"

These words put the dog in such a passion, that he very nearly bit the magpie for her uncivil mode of communicating such bad news. However, he curbed his temper, and, without answering her, went at once to the cat's residence.

The cat was sitting at the window, and, no sooner did the dog see her, than he fairly lost his heart! never had he seen so charming a cat before! He advanced, wagging his tail, and with his most insinuating air; when the cat, getting up, clapped the window in his face—and lo! Reynard the fox appeared in her stead!

"Come out, thou rascal!" said the dog, showing his teeth; "come out—I challenge thee to single combat! I have not forgiven thy malice, and thou seest that I am no longer shut up in a cave, and unable to punish thee for thy wickedness!"

"Go home, silly one," answered the fox, sneering; "thou hast no business here; and as for fighting thee——Bah!" Then the fox left the window, and disappeared. But the dog, thoroughly enraged, scratched lustily at the door, and made such a noise, that presently the cat herself came to the window.

"How now!" said she, angrily; "what means all this rudeness? Who are you, and what do you want at my house?"

"Oh, my dear cousin," said the dog, "do not speak so severely: know that I have come here on purpose to pay you a visit; and whatever you do, let me beseech you not to listen to that villain Reynard: you have no conception what a rogue he is!"

"What!" said the cat, blushing, "do you dare to abuse your betters in this fashion? I see you have a design on me! Go, this instant, or——"

"Enough, madam," said the dog, proudly; "you need not speak twice to me! Farewell!"

And he turned away very slowly, and went under a tree, where he took up his lodgings for the night. But, the next morning, there was an extraordinary commotion in the neighborhood. A stranger, of a very different style of travelling from that of the dog, had arrived at the dead of the night, and fixed his abode in a large cavern hollowed out of a steep rock. The noise he had made in flying through the air, was so great, that it had awakened every bird and beast in the parish; and Reynard, whose bad con-

science never suffered him to sleep very soundly, putting his head out of the window, perceived, to his great alarm, that the stranger was nothing less than a monstrous griffin.

Now the griffins are the richest beasts in the world, and that is the reason they keep so close under ground. Whenever it does happen that they pay a visit above, it is not a thing to be easily forgotten.

The magpie was all agitation: what could the griffin possibly want there? She resolved to take a peep at the cavern; and accordingly she hopped timorously up the rock, and pretended to be picking up sticks for her nest.

"Holloa, ma'am!" cried a very rough voice, and she saw the griffin put his head out of the cavern. "You are the very lady I want to see. You know all the best people here—eh?"

"All the best company, your lordship, I certainly do," answered the magpie, dropping a curtsey.

Upon this, the griffin walked out; and, smoking his pipe leisurely in the open air, in order to set the pie at her ease, he continued—

"Are there any respectable beasts of good family settled in this neighborhood?"

"Oh, most elegant society, I assure your lordship," cried the pie. "I have lived here myself these ten years, and the great heiress, the cat yonder, attracts a vast number of strangers."

"Humph!—heiress, indeed! Much *you* know about heiresses!" said the griffin. "There is only one heiress in the world, and that is my daughter."

"Bless me, has your lordship a family? I beg you a thousand pardons; but I only saw your own equipage last night, and did not know that you brought any one with you."

"My daughter went first, and was safely lodged when I arrived. She did not disturb you, I dare say, as I did, for she sails along like a swan; but I have the gout in my left claw, and that is the reason I puff and groan so in taking a journey."

"Shall I drop in upon Miss Griffin, and see how she is after her journey?" said the pie, advancing.

"I thank you, no. I don't intend her to be seen while I stay here, it unsettles her, and I am afraid of the young beasts running away with her if they once heard how handsome she was; she's the living picture of me, but she's monstrous giddy! Not that I care much if she should go off with a beast of degree, were I not obliged to pay her portion, which is prodigious, and I don't like parting with money, ma'am, when I have once got it. Ho, ho!"

"You are too witty, my lord. But if you refused your consent?" said the pie, anxious to know the whole family history of so grand a *seigneur*

"I should have to pay the dowry all the same. It was left her by her uncle, the dragon. But don't let this go any farther."

"Your lordship may depend on my secrecy. I wish your lordship a very good morning."

Away flew the pie, and she did not stop till she got to the cat's house. The cat and the fox were at breakfast, and the fox had his paw on his heart. "Beautiful scene!" cried the pie; the cat colored, and bade the pie take a seat.

Then off went the pie's tongue; glib, glib, glib, chatter, chatter, chatter. She related to them the whole story of the griffin and his daughter, and a great deal more besides, that the griffin had never told her.

The cat listened attentively. Another young heiress in the neighborhood might be a formidable rival. "But is the griffiness handsome?" said she.

"Handsome!" cried the pie; "Oh! if you could have seen the father!—such a mouth!—such eyes!—such a complexion!—and he declares that she's the living picture of himself. But what do you say, Mr. Reynard? You who have been so much in the world, have perhaps seen the young lady."

"Why, I can't say I have," answered the fox, waking from a revery; "but she must be wonderfully rich. I dare say that fool, the dog, will be making up to her."

"Ah! by-the-way," said the pie, "what a fuss he made at your door yesterday; why would you not admit him, my dear?"

"Oh!" said the cat demurely, "Mr. Reynard

says that he is a dog of a very bad character, quite a fortune-hunter; and hiding a most dangerous disposition to bite under an appearance of good-nature. I hope he won't be quarrelsome with you, dear Reynard?"

"With me! Oh, the poor wretch, no!—he might bluster a little; but he knows that if I am once angry, I'm great at biting; but one should not boast of one's self."

In the evening Reynard felt a strange desire to go and see the griffin smoking his pipe; but what could he do? There was the dog under the opposite tree, evidently watching for him, and Reynard had no wish to prove his boasted skill at biting. At last he had resolved to have recourse to stratagem to get rid of the dog.

A young buck of a rabbit, a sort of provincial fop, had looked in upon his cousin the cat, to pay her his respects, and Reynard taking him aside, said, "You see that shabby looking dog under the tree. Well, he has behaved very ill to your cousin, the cat, and you certainly ought to challenge him—forgive my boldness—nothing but respect for your character induces me to take so great a liberty; you know I would chastise the rascal myself, but what a scandal it would make! If I were already married to your cousin it would be a different thing. But you know what a story that gossiping magpie would hatch out of it!"

The rabbit looked very foolish; he assured the fox that he was no match for the dog; that to be sure he was very fond of his cousin; but he saw no necessity to interfere with her domestic affairs; and in short he tried all he could to get out of the scrape; but the fox so artfully played on his vanity—so earnestly assured him that the dog was the greatest coward in the world, and would make an humble apology, and so eloquently represented to him the glory he would obtain for manifesting so much spirit, that at length the rabbit was persuaded to go out and give the challenge.

"I'll be your second," said the fox; "and the great field the other side of the wood two miles hence, shall be the place of battle; there we shall be away from observation. You go first, I'll follow in half-an-hour; and I say—hark! in case he does accept the challenge, and you feel the least afraid, I'll be in the field, and take it off your paws with the utmost pleasure. Rely on *me*, my dear sir."

Away went the rabbit. The dog was a little astonished at the temerity of the poor creature; but on hearing that the fox was to be present, willingly consented to repair to the place of conflict. This readiness the rabbit did not at all relish. He went very slowly to the field, and, seeing no fox there, his heart misgave him; and while the dog was putting his nose to the ground, to try if he could track the

coming of the fox, the rabbit slipped into a burrow, and left the dog to walk back again.

Meanwhile the fox was already at the rock. He walked very soft-footedly, and looked about with extreme caution, for he had a vague notion that a griffin papa would not be very civil to foxes.

Now, there were two holes in the rock—one below, and one above, (an upper-story, and an under;) and while the fox was peering out, he saw a great claw from the upper rock beckoning to him.

"Ah, ah!" said the fox, "that must be the young griffiness!"

He approached, and a voice said—

"Charming Mr. Reynard!—do you think you could deliver an unfortunate griffiness from a barbarous confinement in this rock?"

"Oh, heaven!" cried the fox, tenderly, "what a beautiful voice! and ah, my poor heart, what a lovely claw! Is it possible that I hear the daughter of my lord, the great griffin?"

"Hush, flatterer!—not so loud, if you please. My father is taking an evening stroll, and is very quick of hearing. He has tied me up in the cavern by my poor wings, for he is mightily afraid of some beasts running away with me. You know I have all my fortune settled on myself."

"Talk not of fortune," said the fox; "but how can I deliver you? Shall I enter, and gnaw the cord?"

"Alas!" answered the griffiness, "it is an immense chain I am bound with. However, you may come in, and talk more at your ease."

The fox peeped cautiously all round, and, seeing no sign of the griffin, he entered the lower cave, and stole up stairs to the upper story; but as he went on, he saw immense piles of jewels and gold, and all sorts of treasure, so that the old griffin might well have laughed at the poor cat being an heiress. The fox was greatly pleased at such indisputable signs of wealth—and he entered the upper cave, resolved to be transported with the charms of the griffiness.

There was however a great chasm between the landing-place and the spot where the young lady was chained, and he found it impossible to pass: the cavern was very dark, but he saw enough of the griffiness to perceive that she was the image of her father, and the most hideous heiress that the world ever saw!

However, he swallowed his disgust, and poured forth such a profusion of compliments, that the griffiness appeared entirely won. He implored her to fly with him the first moment she was unchained.

"That is impossible," said she—"for my father never unchains me except in his presence, and then I cannot stir out of his sight."

"The wretch!" cried Reynard, "what is to be done?"

"Why, there is only one thing I know of," an-

swered the griffiness, "which is this: I always make his soup for him; and if I could mix something in it that would put him fast to sleep, before he had time to chain me again, I might step down and carry off all the treasure on my back."

"Charming!" exclaimed Reynard; "what invention! what wit! I will get some poppies directly."

"Alas!" said the griffiness, poppies have no effect upon griffins; the only thing that can ever put my father fast to sleep, is a nice young cat boiled up in his soup; it is astonishing what a charm that has upon him. But where to get a cat? It must be a maiden cat too."

Reynard was a little startled at so singular an opiate. "But," thought he, "griffins are not like the rest of the world, and so rich an heiress is not to be won by ordinary means."

"I do know a cat, a maiden cat," said he, after a short pause; "but I feel a little repugnance at the thought of having her boiled in the griffin's soup. Would not a dog do as well?"

"Ah, base thing!" said the griffiness, appearing to weep, "you are in love with the cat, I see it; go and marry her, and leave me to die of grief."

In vain the fox protested that he did not care a straw for the cat. Nothing could now appease the griffiness but his positive assurance, that come what would, poor puss should be brought to the cave, and boiled for the griffin's soup.

"But how will you get her here?" said the griffiness.

"Ah, leave that to me," said Reynard. "Only put a basket out of the window, and draw it up by the cord; the moment it arrives at the window, be sure to clap your claw on the cat at once, for she is terribly active."

"Tush!" answered the heiress, "a pretty griffiness I should be if I did not know how to catch a cat!"

"But this must be when your father is out," said Reynard.

"Certainly; he takes a stroll every evening at sunset."

"Let it be to-morrow, then," said Reynard, impatient for the treasure.

This being arranged, Reynard thought it time to decamp. He stole down the stairs again, and tried to filch some of the treasure by the way; but it was too heavy for him to carry; and he was forced to acknowledge to himself, that it was impossible to get the treasure without taking the griffiness (whose back seemed prodigiously strong) into the bargain.

He returned home to the cat—and when he entered her house, and saw how ordinary everything looked after the jewels in the griffin's cave, he quite wondered how he had ever thought the cat had the least pretensions to good looks.

However, he concealed his wicked design, and

his mistress thought he had never appeared so amiable.

"Only guess," said he, "where I have been!—to our new neighbor the griffin—a most charming person, thoroughly affable, and quite the air of the court. As for that silly magpie, the griffin saw her character at once; and it was all a hoax about his daughter; he has no daughter at all. You know, my dear, hoaxing is a fashionable amusement among the great. He says, he has heard of nothing but your beauty; and, on my telling him we were going to be married, he has insisted upon giving a great ball and a supper in honor of the event. In fact, he is a gallant old fellow, and dying to see you. Of course, I was obliged to accept the invitation."

"You could not do otherwise," said the unsuspecting young creature, who, as I before said, was very susceptible to flattery.

"And only think how delicate his attentions are," said the fox. "As he is very badly lodged for a beast of his rank, and his treasure takes up the whole of the ground-flóor, he is forced to give the *fete* in the upper story; so he hangs out a basket for his guests, and draws them up with his own claw. How condescending! But the great *are* so amiable!"

The cat, brought up in seclusion, was all delight at the idea of seeing such high life—and the lovers talked of nothing else all the next day. When Reynard, towards evening, putting his head out of the

window, saw his old friend the dog lying as usual, and watching him very grimly; "Ah, that hateful creature!" he exclaimed, "I had quite forgotten him! What is to be done now? He would make no bones of me, if he once saw me set foot out of doors!"

With that, the fox began to cast in his head how he should get rid of his rival; and at length he resolved on a very notable project. He desired the cat to set out first, and wait for him at a turn in the road a little way off; "For," said he, "if we go together, we shall certainly be insulted by the dog; and he will know that, in the presence of a lady, the custom of a beast of fashion will not suffer me to avenge the affront; but, when I am alone, the creature is such a coward, that he would not dare say his soul's his own. Leave the door open, and I'll follow directly."

The cat's mind was so completely poisoned against her cousin, that she implicitly believed this account of his character; and accordingly, with many recommendations to her lover not to sully his dignity by getting into any sort of quarrel with the dog, she set off first.

The dog went up to her very humbly, and begged her to allow him to say a few words to her; but she received him so haughtily, that his spirit was up; and he walked back to the tree more than ever enraged against his rival. But what was his joy, when he saw the cat had left the door open! "Now,

wretch!" thought he, "you cannot escape me!" So he walked briskly in at the back door. He was greatly surprised to find Reynard lying down in the straw, panting as if his heart would break, and rolling his eyes as in the pangs of death.

"Ah, friend," said the fox, with a faltering voice, "you are avenged!—my hour is come! I am just going to give up the ghost. Put your paw upon mine, and say you forgive me."

Despite his anger, the generous dog could not set tooth on a dying foe.

"You have served me a shabby trick," said he; "you have left me to starve in a hole, and you have evidently maligned me with my cousin: Certainly I meant to be avenged on you; but if you are really dying, that alters the affair."

"Oh!—oh!" groaned the fox—"I am past help; the poor cat is gone for Doctor Ape, but he'll never come in time. What a thing it is to have a bad conscience on one's death-bed! But, wait 'till the cat returns, and I'll do you full justice with her before I die."

The good-natured dog was much moved at seeing his mortal enemy in such a state, and endeavored, as well as he could, to console him.

"Oh!—oh!" said the fox, "I am so parched in the throat!—I am burning!" and he hung his tongue out of his mouth, and rolled his eyes more fearfully than ever.

"Is there no water here?" said the dog, looking round.

"Alas, no: yet stay—yes, now I think of it, there is some in that little hole in the wall; but how to get at it—it is so high—that I can't, in my poor, weak state, climb up to it; and I dare not ask such a favor of one I have injured so much."

"Don't talk of it," said the dog; "but the hole is so very small, I could not put my nose through it."

"No; but if you will just climb up on that stone, and thrust your paw into the hole, you can dip it into the water, and so cool my poor parched mouth. Oh, what a thing it is to have a bad conscience!"

The dog sprang upon the stone, and, getting on his hind-legs, thrust his fore-paw into the hole; when suddenly, Reynard pulled a string that he had concealed under the straw, and the dog found his paw caught tight to the wall in a running noose.

"Ah, rascal!" said he, turning round; but the fox leaped up gaily from the straw, and, fastening the string with his teeth to a nail in the other end of the wall, walked out, crying, "Good bye, my dear friend!" and left the dog on his hind-legs to take care of the house!

Reynard found the cat waiting for him where he had appointed, and they walked lovingly together till they came to the cave. It was now dark, and they saw the basket waiting below; the fox assisted the poor cat into it. "There is only room for one."

said he, "you must go first!" up rose the basket; the fox heard a piteous mew, and no more.

"So much for the griffin's soup," thought he.

He waited patiently for some time, when the griffiness, waving her claw from the window, said cheerfully, "All's right, my dear Reynard; my papa has finished his soup and sleeps as sound as a rock! All the noise in the world would not wake him now, till he has slept off the boiled cat—which won't be these twelve hours. Come and assist me in packing up the treasure, I should be sorry to leave a single diamond behind."

"So should I," quoth the fox; "stay, I'll come round by the lower hole; why, the door is shut! pray, beautiful griffiness, open it to thy impatient adorer."

"Alas, my father has hid the key! I never know where he places it, you must come up by the basket; see, I let it down for you."

The fox was a little loth to trust himself in the same conveyance that had taken his mistress to be boiled; but the most cautious grow rash when money's to be gained; and avarice can trap even a fox. So he put himself as comfortably as he could into the basket, and up he went in an instant. It rested, however, just before it reached the window, and the fox felt, with a slight shudder, the claw of the griffiness stroking his back.

"Oh what a beautiful coat," quoth she caressingly.

"You are too kind," said the fox, "but you can feel it more at your leisure when I am once come up. Make haste, I beseech you."

"Oh, what a beautiful bushy tail. Never did I feel such a tail!"

"It is entirely at your service, sweet griffiness," said the fox; "but pray let me in. Why lose an instant?"

"No, never did I feel such a tail. No wonder you are such a favorite with the ladies."

"Ah, beloved griffiness, my tail is yours forever, but you pinch it a little too hard."

Scarcely had he said this when down dropped the basket, but not with the fox in it; he found himself caught by the tail, and dangling half way down the rock, by the help of the very same sort of pulley wherewith he had snared the dog. I leave you to guess his consternation. He yelped out as loud as he could,—for it hurts a fox exceedingly to be hanged by his tail with his head downwards,—when the door of the rock opened, and out stalked the griffin himself, smoking his pipe, with a vast crowd of all the fashionable beasts in the neighborhood.

"Oho, brother," said the bear, laughing fit to kill himself, "who ever saw a fox hanged by the tail before?"

"You'll have need of a physician," quoth Doctor Ape.

"A pretty match! a griffiness for such a creature as you," said the goat, strutting by him.

The fox grinned with pain and said nothing. But that which hurt him most was the compassion of a dull fool of a donkey, who assured him with great gravity that he saw nothing at all to laugh at in his situation!

"At all events," said the fox, at last, "cheated, gulled, betrayed as I am, I have played the same trick to the dog. Go and laugh at him, gentlemen; he deserves it as much as I can, I assure you."

"Pardon me," said the griffin, taking the pipe out of his mouth, "one never laughs at the honest."

"And see," said the bear, "here he is!"

And indeed, the dog had, after much effort, gnawed the string in two, and extricated his paw. The scent of the fox had enabled him to track his footsteps, and here he arrived, burning for vengeance, and finding himself already avenged.

But his first thought was for his dear cousin. "Ah, where is she?" he cried, movingly; "without doubt, that villain Reynard has served her some scurvy trick!"

"I fear so, indeed, my old friend," answered the griffin; "but don't grieve: after all, she was nothing particular. You shall marry my daughter the griffiness, and succeed to all the treasure, aye, and all the bones that you once guarded so faithfully."

"Talk not to me!" said the faithful dog: "though I don't mean to be rude, I want neither your trea-

sure nor the griffiness. I will run over the world, but I will find my dear cousin!"

"See her then!" said the griffin; and the beautiful cat—more beautiful than ever—rushed out of the cavern, and threw herself into the dog's paws.

A pleasant scene this for the fox! He knew enough of the female heart to know, that a soft tongue may excuse many little infidelities; but, to be boiled alive for a griffin's soup! No, the offence was inexpiable!

"You understand me, Mr. Reynard?" said the griffin. "I have no daughter, and it was me you made love to. Knowing what sort of a creature a magpie is, I amused myself with hoaxing her—the fashionable amusement at court, you know."

The fox made a mighty struggle, and leaped on the ground, leaving his tail behind him. It did not grow again in a hurry!

"See!" said the griffin, as the beasts all laughed at the figure Reynard made, running into the wood; "the dog beats the fox with the ladies, after all! and, cunning as he is in everything else, the fox is the last creature that should ever think of making love!"